Minnie Emily Eaton (1866-1954) Missionary to Sierra Leone, West Africa.

Collection of Articles and Letters

Martha Leister Deardorff

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Sincerely,
Martha C. Deardorff, great niece of Minnie Eaton, missionary to Sierra Leone, Africa
Douglas A. Deardorff
Barbara A. Hansen

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United Theological Seminary and the O'Brien Library would like to thank the Deardorff family for their generous donation of artifacts and documents from Minnie Eaton's service as a missionary to Sierra Leone in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. We are greatly honored to safeguard and preserve these wonderful treasures and look forward to sharing them with the wider global community.

This booklet about our Great Aunt Minnie was prepared for the immediate family and descendants of Martha Leister Deardorff, Mary Ruth Leister Strickler and Spencer Leister. We are the children of Ruth Dunphey Leister whose mother was Flora Eaton Dunphey the sister of Minnie Eaton.

Aunt Minnie had planned to write a book about her 44 years as a missionary in Sierra Leone. We inherited her notes, letters, Sierra Leone artifacts and her steamer trunk. Included in the letters were about 200 that were written to our grandmother and mother. Martha went through the letters and notes and selected some that were of special interest to us. We have included information about Aunt Minnie's father, Alonzo Eaton, and his family along with articles that were written about her. Pages 31 thorough 38 are excerpts from her letters that are of personal interest to us. Spencer Leister 2/2010

Minnie Emily Eaton (1866 - 1954)

Missionary to Sierra Leone, West Africa

Collection of Articles and Letters

Complied by Martha Deardorff and Spencer Leister - 2002-03
Mary Ruth Strickler stored the Letters and Artifacts

April 27, 2003 & 2010 (Rev)

The following is from an article written by Esther Eaton Anderson for the Telescope and Evangel after the death of Minnie Eaton and from a letter written by Esther's mother, Loula Eaton about the life of Minnie Eaton written the evening after Minnie Eaton's funeral.

MINNIE EMILY EATON

Minnie Emily Eaton was born in Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, December 3, 1866. Minnie was the daughter of Alonzo C. Eaton and Julia Florentine Weller. She died January 19, 1954 in Pomona, Los Angeles County, CA at 87 years of age. Her body was interred January 22, 1954 in Rose Hills Memorial Park, Whittier, California.

Minnie Eaton was educated at Otterbein University in Westerville, Ohio. In 1887 her father brought the family by train from Ohio to San Diego and then by wagon to homestead near Valley Center in San Diego County. She taught school for a short time in San Diego County. On July 10, 1892 by letter of transfer she became a member of First Church of the United Brethren in Christ of Los Angeles and remained a member there the rest of her life.

Miss Eaton was a missionary to Sierra Leone, West Africa for 44 years and her first term was from 1894 to 1898. During that term she was assigned to work in Rotifunk. Early in 1898 when she landed by ship in New York for her first furlough, she received news that every missionary with whom she had worked, save one, had been slain in a furious native uprising over a hut tax the English had put on the natives. Many would have feared to return but in 1900 she returned as a teacher at Moyamba. She was sent to Tiama where two missionaries had been taken to a rock in the middle of the river and beheaded. Miss Eaton was a courageous woman and although small in size was so great in soul that she commanded respect of the natives. When she witnessed the destruction and saw the black rock where her friends were slain, she directed the natives to break that rock and haul it to the shore, and then build a new church as a memorial to those who had given their lives.

Her dedication was complete and no task was too difficult or costly for her to undertake. At one time the crops failed and the Timma tribe was hungry. This courageous woman gathered a group of natives together and at her own expense, baked bread and fed the whole group for three weeks. She aided in the translation of books of the Bible into Mende, one of the dialects in West Africa. The dialect had no written form and a phonetic system based on the alphabet for the Mende-speaking people was developed.

She retired in El Monte, California in 1938, where she lived until a broken hip made it impossible for her to live alone. She was taken from the hospital to Pomona and the home of Dr. and Mrs. I. E. Conner, themselves medical missionaries to Africa, where she lived for six years until her death.

Minnie was interested in genealogy. She had asked her niece, Ruth Angeles Dunphey Leister, to do some research when she was in Maryland. In September 1927 she wrote from Africa the following to Ruth: "I was delighted with your last letter. In it you told about your trip to Thurmont and your experiences there. . . I do not remember whether mother ever said anything about her ancestors having been in the Revolutionary War. . . I wish we could trace back farther. . A person should know his forebears. . . If ever I have the chance, I want to go to Thurmont and Frederick and Hagerstown and Baltimore. Quite an ambitious program but I will never be satisfied until I do it. I have copied the data you sent into my family record book and want to pass it on to the others as I can."

FAMILY OF ALONZO EATON AND JULIA WELLER

1. **Alonzo C. Eaton**, son of Ebenezer 'Eben' **Eaton** and Pamelia Ann **Houghton**, was born in Terra Haute, Vigo County, IN March 19, 1842. Alonzo died July 18, 1919 in Los Angeles, CA, at 77 years of age. His body was interred July 19, 1919 in Inglewood Park Cemetery, Inglewood, CA.

He married twice. He married **Julia Florentine Weller** in Dayton, Montgomery County, OH, November 23, 1865. Julia was born in Mechanicstown (Thurmont), Frederick County, MD September 27, 1837. Julia was the daughter of Jacob **Weller** BS and Mary **Love**. Julia died April 12, 1885 in Dayton, Montgomery County, OH, at 47 years of age. Her body was interred April 15, 1885 in Woodland Cemetery, Dayton, OH. He married **Lucy Frances Loats** in Los Angeles, CA. Lucy was born in Ohio February 1854.

Funeral Notice, Dayton, Ohio: The funeral of Mrs. Julia Eaton, wife of Mr. Alonzo C. Eaton, took place, this morning, from the First U. B. Church. Rev. S. A. Mowers, pastor of the church, officiating. At the close of his appropriate words, Rev. W. J. Shuey spoke feelingly of the deceased, stating that she had been a faithful member of the U. B. Church for twenty-five years, and was one of his first acquaintances upon his arrival in this city. This acquaintance had grown into a warm friendship, the reverend gentleman stated, and, in his association in church work with the deceased, he had found her earnest and willing to do her portion of the master's work. The singing by the church choir was beautiful and affecting. The bereaved husband and children have the heartfelt sympathy of a large circle of friends.

Alonzo was a newspaper printer and publisher. *The following is from the 1882 book The History of Warren County, Ohio:* July 1, 1879, Mr. A. C. Eaton of Dayton, purchased the *Franklin Argus*, and, a few weeks afterward, the *Valley Chronicle*, and has since published a paper called the *Valley Chronicle and Franklin Argus.* In 1887, Alonzo took his family by train from Ohio to San Diego and then by wagon to homestead near Valley Center in San Diego County.

In 1977 Esther Eaton Anderson related the following from a letter by Beth Kent May: Grandpa would cut wood, haul it to Escondido and sell it for firewood. She presumes that is where he got most of their cash in those days. Aunt Mabel used to tell a story about a jar of grapes one of the older sisters had canned. It had spoiled so [Flora] told Mabel (Dolly as she was called) to throw the grapes out so she gave them to the chickens. How she would laugh when she would tell how those poor chicken acted! They reeled and tried to walk and would fall down, get up and try again. They really got drunk on them. When Aunt Mabel was sixteen [1892] they moved to L.A. They went up by horse and buggy and it took them more than three days to get there. They camped on the beach along the way. Aunt Mabel had her birthday on the way up. Grandpa gave her a gold ring for her birthday. In fact she wore it until it broke in two. Aunt Mabel never spoke much about her early life as she was always too busy working and taking care of her children.

Alonzo lived many years in Los Angeles and died from "Acute Cardiac Dilation" at 6707 Parmalee Avenue which is in the Florence area of Los Angeles County between Huntington Park and the City of Los Angeles. Alonzo's 3-great uncle was Paul Revere and his Aunt Louisa Houghton was the wife of Rowland Hussey Macy the founder of the Macy's department stores. .

Alonzo C. **Eaton** and Julia Florentine **Weller** had the following children:

i. **Minnie Emily Eaton** was born in Dayton, Montgomery County, OH December 3, 1866. Minnie died January 19, 1954 in Pomona, Los Angeles County, CA, at 87 years of age. Her body was interred January 22, 1954 in Rose Hills Memorial Park, Whittier, CA.

ii. **Julia Flora Eaton** was born in Dayton, Montgomery County, OH November 25, 1868. Flora died September 12, 1948 in Upland, San Bernardino County, CA, at 79 years of age. Her body was interred September 14, 1948 in Rose Hills Memorial Park, Whittier, CA. She married **Spencer Dunphey** in Valley Center, San Diego County, CA, September 27, 1892. *Marriage notice in newspaper:* DUNPHEY--EATON. At the residence of the bride's father, in Moosa Canyon, San Diego County, Cal., Sept. 27, 1892, by Rev. J. H. Sherrard, Mr. Spencer Dunphey and Miss Julia Flora Eaton.

Spencer was born in Madison, Yolo County, CA May 27, 1861. Spencer was the son of Dexter **Dunphey** and Lydia **Willard**. Spencer died April 8, 1943 in Otterbein near La Puente, Los Angeles County, CA, at 81 years of age. His body was interred April 12, 1943 in Rose Hills Memorial Park, Whittier, CA.

Flora went to Otterbein University in Westerville, Ohio. In 1887 her father brought the family by train from Ohio to San Diego and by wagon to homestead near Valley Center in San Diego County.

The following was written by Flora's sister, Minnie Eaton, for the Golden Wedding Anniversary of Spencer and Flora: "It seems but a short time since Father [Alonzo Eaton], with his five children, left Ohio and travelled westward to California. It was a great experience, leaving the old home, going into the unknown to establish a new home. We finally reached San Diego, our destination. After investigation it was decided that we go to a ranch up

near Valley Center. But how should we get there? Finally Father made arrangements with a rancher to transport us and our possessions to that unknown country. One large farm wagon was not large enough so the rancher brought his nephew to drive a second wagon. This nephew was Spencer who had a ranch up in that country not far from Valley Center. Spencer was born near Woodland, California, so he is a Native Son of the Golden West, a N.S.G.W., which I believe he said meant `No silly girls wanted.' But he did seem interested in Father's second daughter! Many times did we hear his grandmother, Mary Ann Willard, tell about different members of her family. I especially remember hearing her tell of Frances Willard of Temperance fame; her father, Judge Wakefield, who played a prominent part in national affairs in early days and participated in the Lincoln Douglas debates; and her father-in-law, Alexander Hamilton Willard, who was a blacksmith on the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Grandma Willard herself was a remarkable woman, far ahead of her times in many ways. After we were somewhat settled in our new home, Spencer would occasionally come over to call on us, more especially on my sister. He had a good strong bay horse, Rats by name, which he would hitch up to his two wheeled cart, a vehicle well suited to that hilly country with its very poor roads, and drive over to have a visit. As time went on it became evident that there were thoughts and hopes of establishing another home, a home just for two. So it came to pass that on September 27, 1892, Flora and Spencer were united in marriage at the home of the bride's father in Moosa, [the Tomlin place] by the Rev. Sherrard of the Methodist Church south of Valley Center. Then Rats, brushed until his brown sides shown, was hitched up to the cart and the happy couple started off on a wedding journey to San Diego, going there to Spencer's home. Some years later they found it advisable to settle in Los Angeles and there they became the happy parents of a dear little daughter whom they named Ruth Angeles."

Spencer was raised in Woodland and worked for some time for his father in his blacksmith shop. In the late 1880s he is found in Valley Center living near his uncles John and Hamilton Willard. On August 11, 1887 he made a pre-emption filing for 160-acres and on September 20, 1890 he paid the homestead fees. On September 8, 1892 the deed was recorded for the purchase of 160-acres from his Uncle John. The homestead was near Valley Center in what was then called "Willards Canyon." In 1898, Spencer and Flora had to leave the homestead because of a severe drought and move to Los Angeles. They lived in a number of different places in Los Angeles. In 1911 they bought four acres 25 miles out in the country at a place called Otterbein. At that time Spencer was working for Earl Carriage Works at Ninth and Main in downtown Los Angeles. He was only making a twenty-dollar gold piece per week and had to sell two of the four acres. In 1934 their son-in-law built a home on this two acres and moved his family there from South Gate. Spencer and Flora moved to Otterbein in 1935.

Spencer's brother Willard in 1926 was living in Washington D.C. Ruth, Spencer's daughter, had written Willard about her engagement and Willard wrote the following back to his niece. "So you are planning to be married, that is fine, but `be sure,' that is a sacred alliance, and I would not want you to take a wrong step, there are so many misalliances now days that it makes marriage almost a mockery. But I know you through knowing your parents. There never was a blemish on either of them. Your father never was known to have any bad habits, and was known to shun men that did practice bad habits. He always picked his company, and they must be beyond reproach, and your mother [Flora] there is none more pure and beautiful than she. So you see I know you, although I have not seen you, since I took you over to the circus ground in 1907."

iii. **Alice Eaton** was born in Dayton, Montgomery County, OH January 31, 1870. Alice died January 31, 1870 in Dayton, Montgomery County, OH, at less than one year of age.

iv. **Carrie Weller Eaton** was born in Dayton, Montgomery County, OH November 28, 1871. Carrie died March 27, 1877 at 5 years of age.

v. **William Alonzo Eaton** was born in Indianapolis, Marion County, IN March 26, 1874. William died January 19, 1946 in Los Angeles, CA, at 71 years of age. His body was interred in Inglewood Park Cemetery, Inglewood, CA. He married **Cora Mae Shaw** in Los Angeles, CA, October 28, 1896. Cora was born in Coshocton, OH February 8, 1874. Cora died March 26, 1946 in Burbank, Los Angeles County, CA, at 72 years of age. Her body was interred in Inglewood Park Cemetery, Inglewood, CA.

vi. **Mabel Love Eaton** was born in Indianapolis, Marion County, IN July 5, 1876. Mabel died January 11, 1954 in Monterey Park, Los Angeles County, CA, at 77 years of age. Her body was interred in Inglewood Park Cemetery, Inglewood, CA. She married **Edward Alfred 'Ted' Kent** in Los Angeles, CA, January 28, 1896. Ted was born in London, England March 26, 1868. Ted's death certificate gives his birth date as March 13, 1867.

Ted died November 8, 1906 in Los Angeles, CA, at 38 years of age. His body was interred November 11, 1906 in Evergreen Cemetery, Los Angeles. Ted died at 1543 East 30th Street, Los Angeles, from "Aneurisms of the Aorta."

Ted and Mabel were missionaries with the Peniel Mission in Alaska.

vii. **Lincoln Houghton Eaton** was born in St. Louis, MO June 7, 1878. Lincoln died March 19, 1952 in West Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, CA, at 73 years of age. His body was interred March 22, 1952 in Rose Hills Memorial Park, Whittier, CA. He married **Loula Mary May** in Los Angeles, CA, December 25, 1904. Loula was born in Paola, KS July 6, 1879. Loula died June 16, 1962 in Iowa, at 82 years of age.

Lincoln joined the Army and served with Company A, 7th Infantry Regiment from Los Angeles in the Spanish American War. He was a highway construction foreman and in later years lived in El Monte. He died at the Veterans Administration Hospital (Sawtelle).

Julia Florentine Weller and Alonzo C. Eaton

Alonzo C. Eaton Family – Picture taken in Los Angeles

Lincoln, Mabel, William, Minnie, Alonzo and Flora

Sisters - Flora, Minnie and Mabel

Minnie Eaton

Lincoln Eaton and wife Loula, Cora next to husband Will Eaton
Spencer Dunphey next to wife Flora, and Minnie Eaton
About 1940 at Maxon Road, El Monte, California

Minnie Emily Eaton at about age 20. Photograph taken in Dayton, Ohio
Before family moved by train to California in 1887.

Copied from The Sierra Leone Outlook. There is no date but other articles indicate after 1929.

LET THE REDEEMED OF THE LORD SAY SO

Miss M. E. Eaton

When I left Sierra Leone on furlough in 1924, I was far from well. I thought, however, that the months of rest would enable me to return to my work once more. Instead of that, I grew worse and worse, and finally it was decided that I should go to a hospital for help. Up to that time it had not seemed to me that it was the Lord's will for me to do that and so I had not seriously considered it. So many, many times had the Lord guided me definitely, and I waited for his guidance. In answer to prayer it was made clear to us that I should go to the hospital.

It has been my good fortune to have many friends who know how to pray, to really pray the prayer of faith. I feel that these friends are my richest possession. As I went to the hospital they were praying for me. In the church to which I belong in America, special prayer was made in every service for me. In another church, one to which my sister belongs, earnest prayers went up to God in my behalf. Those people were not so well known to me but they knew about me and, best of all, they knew God. It has always seemed marvelous to me that those dear children of God stood by so wonderfully. Not only in the church services was prayer made for me, but many prayed continuously in their homes. At the hour of greatest need, they left their work, those busy people, on a weekday, to plead in my behalf. I can never forget it.

Days went by and my hold on life was very small. Finally the doctor told my people that there was absolutely no hope for me, that it was only a question of a very short time until I would be gone. For my own part, I had the assurance that I would live. I felt that my work was not done in Africa, and that the Lord would raise me up to return to my work again. And the friends continued to pray, believingly, unceasingly. We had a very godly pastor, a man who lived very close to the Lord, and he stood by so faithfully. I have thanked God many times for that godly pastor's help.

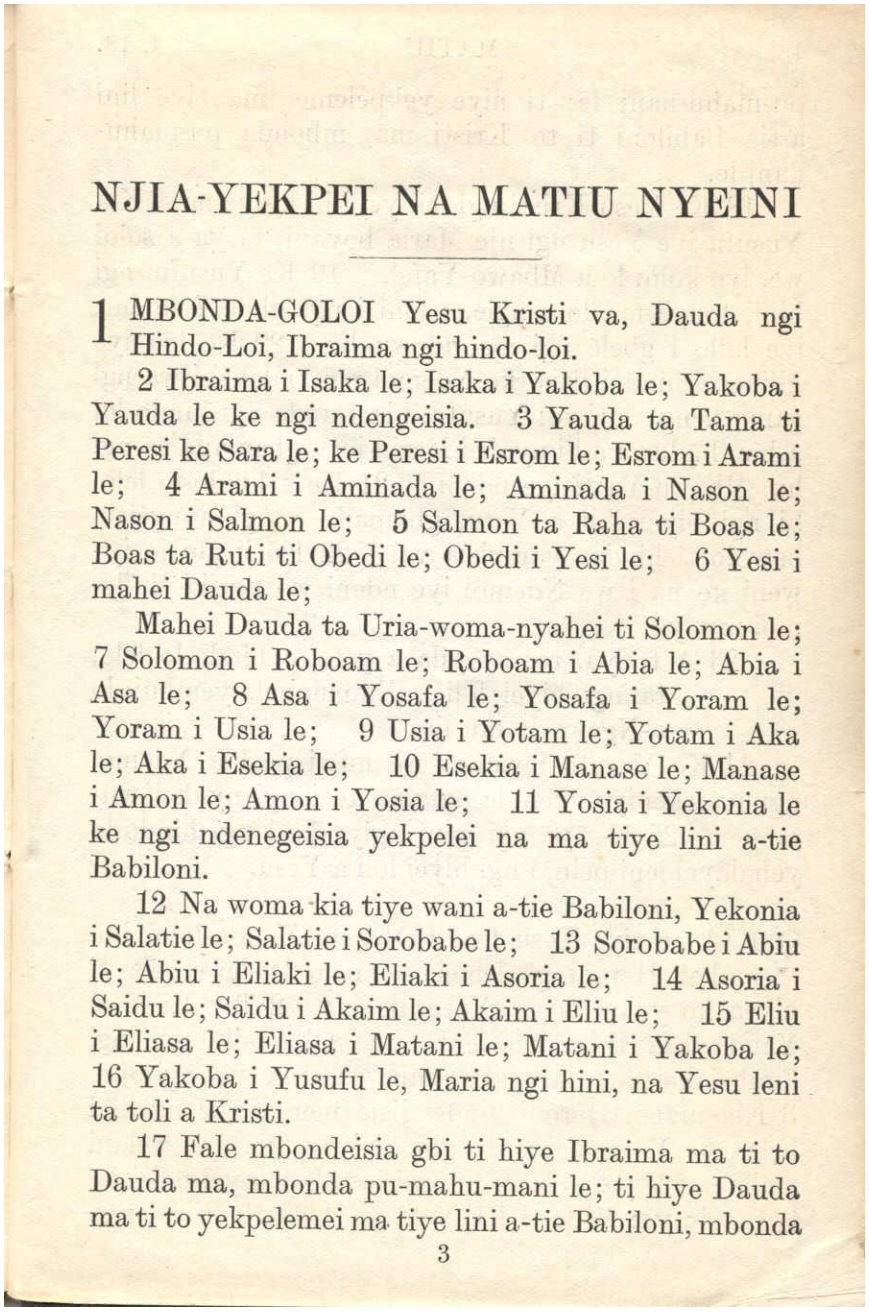
By and by, little by little, I began to get better. The doctors looked and wondered and said they could not understand it. But my sister said that she could understand it; that it was in direct answer to prayer. The doctor said that it must be true for I had been beyond human help; that no power on earth could have saved me. I was down in the valley of the shadow of death, so far down that I could almost catch glimpses of the world beyond. But in answer to prayer—the effectual, fervent prayer of righteous people—I came back, my life was spared. I feel that I am living on extended time; and that the Lord has lengthened my life for a definite purpose.

The Lord answers prayer, He *does* answer prayer. I am alive in answer to prayer. We have a prayer hearing and a prayer answering God. Jesus said, If ye ask—I will do. I bear glad testimony to the power of prayer. I know, I *know* God answers prayer

* * * *

This picture of Miss Eaton was taken in Taiama during her last term.

The Gospel of St. Matthew in Mendie
Page One, Printed in Great Britain, 1928



NJIA-YEKPEI NA MATIU NYEINI

1 MBONDA-GOLOI Yesu Kristi va, Dauda ngi Hindo-Loi, Ibraima ngi hindo-loi.

2 Ibraima i Isaka le; Isaka i Yakoba le; Yakoba i Yauda le ke ngi ndengeisia. 3 Yauda ta Tama ti Peresi ke Sara le; ke Peresi i Esrom le; Esrom i Arami le; 4 Arami i Aminada le; Aminada i Nason le; Nason i Salmon le; 5 Salmon ta Raha ti Boas le; Boas ta Ruti ti Obedi le; Obedi i Yesi le; 6 Yesi i mahei Dauda le;

Mahei Dauda ta Uria-woma-nyahei ti Solomon le; 7 Solomon i Roboam le; Roboam i Abia le; Abia i Asa le; 8 Asa i Yosafa le; Yosafa i Yoram le; Yoram i Usia le; 9 Usia i Yotam le; Yotam i Aka le; Aka i Esekia le; 10 Esekia i Manase le; Manase i Amon le; Amon i Yosia le; 11 Yosia i Yekonia le ke ngi ndenegeisia yekpelei na ma tiye lini a-tie Babiloni.

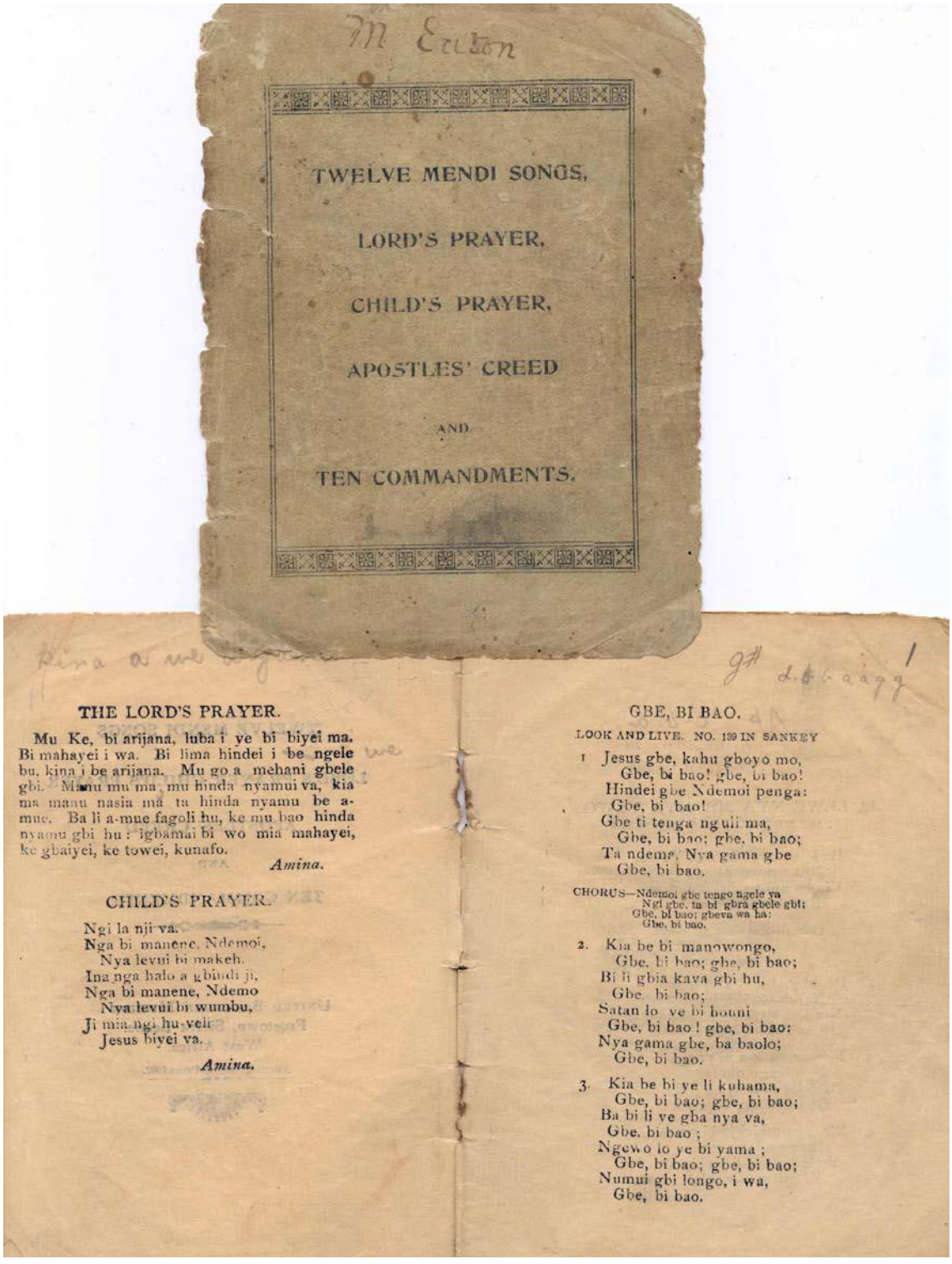
12 Na woma kia tiye wani a-tie Babiloni, Yekonia i Salatie le; Salatie i Sorobabe le; 13 Sorobabe i Abiu le; Abiu i Eliaki le; Eliaki i Asoria le; 14 Asoria i Saidu le; Saidu i Akaim le; Akaim i Eliu le; 15 Eliu i Eliasa le; Eliasa i Matani le; Matani i Yakoba le; 16 Yakoba i Yusufu le, Maria ngi hini, na Yesu leni ta toli a Kristi.

17 Fale mbondeisia gbi ti hiye Ibraima ma ti to Dauda ma, mbonda pu-mahu-mani le; ti hiye Dauda ma ti to yekpelemei ma tiye lini a-tie Babiloni, mbonda

3

Twelve Mendi Songs

United Brethren Mission, Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa
Page One, Albert Academy Press 1907



M Eaton

TWELVE MENDI SONGS,

LORD'S PRAYER,

CHILD'S PRAYER,

APOSTLES' CREED

AND

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Mu Ke, bi arijana, luba i ye bi biyei ma. Bi mahayei i wa. Bi lima hindei i be ngele bu, kina i be arijana. Mu go a mehani gbele gbi. Manu mu ma, mu hinda nyamui va, kia ma manu nasia ma ta hinda nyamu be a-mue. Ba li a-mue fagoli hu, ke mu bao hinda nyamu gbi hu: igbamai bi wo mia mahayei, ke gbaiyei, ke towei, kunafo.

Amina.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

Ngi la nji va.
Nga bi manene, Ndemoi,
Nya levui bi makeh.
Ina nga halo a gbindi ji,
Nga bi manene, Ndemo
Nya levui bi wumbu,
Ji mia ngi hu-veii
Jesus biyei va.

Amina.

GBE, BI BAO.

LOOK AND LIVE. NO. 139 IN SANKEY

1 Jesus gbe, kahu gboyo mo,
Gbe, bi bao! gbe, bi bao!
Hindei gbe Ndemoi penga:
Gbe, bi bao!
Gbe ti tenga ng uii ma,
Gbe, bi bao; gbe, bi bao;
Ta ndeme, Nya gama gbe
Gbe, bi bao.

CHORUS—Ndemoi gbe tengo ngele ya
Ngi gbe, ta bi gbra gbele gbi:
Gbe, bi bao; gbeva wa ha:
Gbe, bi bao.

2. Kia be bi manowongo,
Gbe, bi bao; gbe, bi bao;
Bi li gbia kava gbi hu,
Gbe bi bao;
Satan lo ye bi houni
Gbe, bi bao! gbe, bi bao:
Nya gama gbe, ba baolo;
Gbe, bi bao.

3. Kia be bi ye li kuhama,
Gbe, bi bao; gbe, bi bao;
Ba bi li ve gba nya va,
Gbe. bi bao;
Ngewo lo ye bi yama;
Gbe, bi bao; gbe, bi bao;
Numui gbi longo, i wa,
Gbe, bi bao.

This story is in the possession of Mary Ruth Strickler

A Trip Down the Bompe River

as told by Miss Minnie Eaton

Miss Vesper and I were invited to take a canoe trip with Mr. Sheets, the Missionary stationed at Rotifunk. We accepted, and before daylight one morning, we started.

As this was a tidal river, we had to go down with the tide. The canoe was made from a hollowed-out log about thirty feet long and three feet wide. The seats were either boxes set in the canoe or a board laid across. As there was always some water in the bottom it was necessary to brace our feet on the sides.

I sat about in the middle of the canoe with three natives boys in the back. Mr. Sheets was in the front. The scenery was beautiful along the river, and Mr. Sheets shot several birds along the way. After several hours, Mr. Sheets spied an alligator on the bank. He shot it, and as it was on a mud bank they could reach, the boys clubbed it over the head and dragged it into the back of the canoe. A long, sharp knife was always used to stab anything killed out on a trip, but they searched and could not find the knife.

On we went down the river. Then "oonk oonk" and the alligator began to wiggle its way forward in the boat. The boys hit it again and dragged it by the tail into the rear of the boat. Every little while there would be the "oonk oonk," the jaws of the alligator opening and snapping shut. The alligator was a small one, about five feet long.

On one of its trips forward in the boat, it slid at least half its length forward between my feet as I sat with my feet propped on the side of the dugout. Finally the boys killed it and it stayed in the back of the canoe. On the party went, stopping at the fork with the Shenihue River for breakfast with traders, then on up the Shenihue to a station called Yenkisaw. There they had their lunch and prepared to make the trip about three hours by land back to Rotifunk. Mr. Sheets walked and the women were carried in hammocks. The alligator was tied on a plank and carried on a boy's back, and the mission boys had a grand feast that night.

* * * *

Taken in front of the Mission House at Jiama just ready to start on our 40 mile hammock trip to Panguma. My hammock just back of me.

Copied from The Watchword of March 19, 1939. The Watchword was a publication of the United Brethren Church. Note: Miss Eaton and Mrs. J. Hal Smith were missionaries in Africa for many years but their stations were far apart and seldom saw each other.

Miss Minnie Eaton
Forty-Four Years in Africa

By Mrs. J. Hal Smith

Forty-Four years is a long time to spend in tropical West Africa, especially Sierra Leone which is far-famed as the "White Man's Grave Yard." I believe Miss Eaton could name quite a number of missionaries whom she knew in her earlier years, who were in their graves in less than forty-four days after reaching that field. It is necessary for missionaries in Africa to take a regular does of five grains of quinine every day to withstand the ravages of the deadly malaria. One wonders, then how many "bushels of Quinine" this one woman must have swallowed in her long life there.

Miss Eaton's home was in Los Angeles, California. Before going to Africa she was a schoolteacher in that state. She first went to the mission field in November, 1894, under the Women's Missionary Association. She has spent more years in Africa than any other missionary of our own Board, and more years in foreign service than any missionary our Church ever sent abroad, with one single exception—Dr. Regina Bigler of China.

Arriving in Africa her first years were spent with the Mary Sowers' School for Girls at Rotifunk. Later this school was moved to Moyamba and named the Lillian R. Harford School for Girls, and Miss Eaton moved with it. Eventually she went to Tiama station and took charge of a Boarding school for boys, where she headed the work for many years—until Rev. and Mrs. Charles Leader reached that station in 1925 to share the heavy responsibilities of that station. During these years in Tiama she has had for a faithful and congenial comrade, Miss A. E. Akin, who dates the beginning of her work in Africa only ten years later than that of Miss Eaton.

An extract from a report that Miss Eaton wrote a few years ago gives deep glimpses into her work right in the midst of her years in Africa. She says, "It does not seem possible that it is nearly thirty-six years since I began preparing my outfit to come out the first time. I often look back over those years and wonder just what I have been able to do that is enduring. I could tell of meetings held, of itinerating trips, of garments sewed, of people helped as they needed help, of months spent in the school room, of dispensing drugs, of putting up buildings, of making plantations of forest trees, of directing boys to grow their own food, of making and keeping a home, of caring for helpless babies, but what does it all mean for the uplifting of the country? I do not know. I am hoping the Master will make the very best he can out of it."

"I have been called the missionary in charge, and that means a little of everything." She then goes on to tell of the year just closed in which such items are included as completing a new house, much needed to relieve their crowded conditions, of meetings for women in the church and the Bundu bush, helping them with sewing, making soap, playing games, teaching them to read, to sing Christian hymns and to pray, teaching them Scripture verses in their own language, of a steadily growing medical work and making itinerant trips to places far away where people were hungry to hear the gospel and where they had "splendid spiritual meetings."

In caring for her school of boys Miss Eaton has often been obliged to do a man's work. To furnish work for them she planted a "gum-bush" (grove of rubber trees), but the wild deer seemed to prefer the leaves of these trees to any other food and as soon as the shoot appeared they were promptly cropped off. Miss Eaton has supervised the building of hundreds and hundreds of small fences around these trees, trying to save them.

Rev. J. A. K. Smart, one of our outstanding African pastors, now deceased, tells how, as a young worker, he was called to Moyamba to assist Miss Eaton in the school. He says, "What a friend she was to me! With sympathy and love she would spend her own spare time, after hard teaching in the school all day, helping me over my difficulties. She also inspired me to take higher studies and she was not satisfied till she had helped me to get my teacher's certificate. Later she suggested that I should pursue the ministerial course and purchased the first set of assigned books for me out of her own purse. She gave me my first music lesson and then I studied for myself. I owe her a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

Miss Eaton's work has always been of a faithful, steady, constructive character. I think all her fellow missionaries would say that she is the kind of woman who wears well. I never heard of her making hasty, or injudicious moves, or rushing headlong into "palavers" and tangling her thread of service into knots difficult

for herself or someone else to unravel. She was earnest without being impetuous, jolly but never trifling, able to reprove and rebuke without scolding.

I recall vividly the first time I ever saw Miss Eaton, I can close my eyes and turn the clock back thirty-four years and imagine myself in Freetown, Africa, with a missionary friend and we were just about to sail away to the homeland for my first furlough. We called in the home of Rev. and Mrs. J. R. King and were introduced to a black-eyed lady—Miss Eaton from the Tiama mission. We were told that she was booked to sail on the same ship with us.

Miss Eaton not only sailed with us but shared the same cabin and we had long visits together. One of the outstanding memories of that trip was one day when we were sitting on our bunks on opposite sides of the room talking about the massacre of 1898. Miss Eaton is naturally very self-possessed but she could scarcely speak with calmness of that tragic event. Those missionaries were her associates and she had just bidden them good-by to come home for her first furlough. When she landed in America almost the first news to greet her was that seven of them had gone to martyrs' deaths and to martyrs' crowns. No doubt she herself would have been numbered among them if she had not left just when she did. It was a terrible shock. But nothing could deter Miss Eaton from her life task. Having put her hands to the Gospel plow there was no looking back.

The next glimpse we have of her she has gone back, after the expiration of her furlough, and is alone at Moyamba at Christmastime, busy rounding up laborers to gather and bring in materials for the erection of a Christian church at that station.

A few years later she was busy building a church at Tiama. We wonder what it must have meant to her when the huge old sacrificial rock in the middle of the Tia river, where Rev. and Mrs. L. A. McGrew met their deaths, was broken up and brought into the town and laid into the foundations of this Christian temple--she said, "The best in all the Mende country."

Miss Eaton and I were fellow missionaries for some years in Africa but our stations were far apart and we seldom saw each other except at annual conference time in Freetown. When she and her associates came to Freetown they would rise at three in the morning and walk fifteen miles over bush paths to the Government Railway Line, where they could board a train and reach Freetown that same night. As I vision her again in those annual gatherings, she is sitting somewhere in the shade of the trees with other members of the language committee toiling away at language work. She was the best Mende speaking missionary in our staff. She could also speak Temne, as I discovered by trying my Temne upon her quite constantly during that sea voyage we had together.

There lies before me, as I write, a copy of a Mende Dictionary, the work of Miss Eaton, and published by the Albert Academy Press. She also, with the aid of the native men, prepared an abridged edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" which was published by the Christian Literature Society of London, England. With a view to getting Scripture messages into the lives of the African people, Miss Eaton secured from the Scripture Gift Mission in London sample cards, and from these chose beautiful ones with Bible illustrations, and prepared Scripture verses in the Mende language and had them printed. These were widely used in Women's schools and Seekers' Classes. Thousands of them were distributed. The plan proved so successful that other missionaries were inspired to use the same method and similar cards were prepared in the Temne and Kono tongues.

When Miss Eaton came home to America for her eighth furlough she was very ill in body. She hoped that months of rest at home would put her on her feet again but she grew steadily worse and was advised to go to a hospital. She tells this experience in an article published in the Sierra Leone Outlook under the title "Let the Redeemed of the Lord, Say So." We quote from her pen:

"So many, many times had the Lord guided me definitely, and I waited for his guidance. In answer to prayer it was made plain to me that I should go to the hospital."

"It has been my good fortune to have many friends who know how to pray—to really pray the prayer of faith. I feel that these friends are my richest possession. As I went to the hospital they were praying for me. In the church to which I belong in America, special prayer was made in every service for me. Many prayed for me in their homes. I can never forget it."

"Days went by and my hold on life was very small. Finally the doctor told my people there was no hope for me, that it was only a question of a very short time until I would be gone. For my own part I had the assurance that I would live. I felt that my work was not done in Africa and that the Lord would raise me up to return to my work again. The friends continued to pray believingly, unceasingly. We had a very Godly pastor, a man who lived very close to the Lord, and he stood by me faithfully. By and by, little by little I began to get better. The doctors looked and wondered and said they could not understand it I now feel

that I am living on borrowed time; and that the Lord has lengthened my life for a definite purpose."

"The Lord answers prayer. He *does* answer prayer. I am alive in answer to prayer. Jesus said, 'If ye will ask—I will do.' I bear glad testimony to the power of prayer. I know God answers prayer."

Miss Eaton says that she knew almost all of our early missionaries and has seen a number of them fall in the field. She has seen the work grow from small beginnings to an encouraging size, now numbering seventy-six mission centers and over four thousand preaching places. She has seen the West Africa conference grow from a pitifully uncertain little group, to a membership of two hundred twenty African workers, not including the missionaries. She has seen many phases of industrial work carried on, such as agriculture, carpentry, tailoring, printing, soap-making, etc. And how the medical work has grown! In three centers almost a hundred thousand treatments a year are now given by our medical staff in Africa. Miss Eaton recalls with a laugh the time when she was at Rotifunk in the early years. A man came to Doctor Hatfield to have a tooth pulled and she told him he would have to pay six-pence. "What?" he said, "*me* pay *you* six-pence to have MY tooth pulled!" and off he went in utter disgust. Now the medical work is self- supporting so far as remedies are concerned—not including the support of medical workers, of course—and people everywhere are willing to pay six-pence to have teeth extracted, and it is not painless dentistry either.

Miss Eaton rejoices to see Christianity at least bringing Africa's women into their own. Groups of them, in many of the chief stations, join with other women of the world in observing the World's Day of Prayer; and also observe the annual W. M. A. (Women's Missionary Association) Day regularly each year, and Women's Institutes are carried on with real success in various places. She herself has done a work for women, the far-reaching import of which it would be hard to catch and weave into words.

The Annual Training School for Women, usually held at Tiama, is a plan which Miss Eaton had a major part in initiating and promoting. It was primarily intended for the training of Christian workers and wives of workers, but other promising women have been let in. Women travel long distances, from Mende, Temne, Sherbro, Susu and Kono tribes, to spend a month of Christian fellowship with each other and with their leaders. The course includes Bible study and memory work, Bible stories, lessons in catechism, songs in various languages, care of the sick, cooking--including cookery for invalids and infants—sewing classes, embroidery, crocheting, arrangement of homes and how to turn boxes, etc., into simple pieces of furniture. A special program is given in the church by the women of the school, and there is usually an exhibit of articles made—jelly, soap, cake, and pieces of hand work so neatly done. There are games for wholesome recreation. There are devotional hours of deep heart searching and pressing the claims of Christ upon every life. Miss Eaton considers this training school the star achievement of her closing days of service in Africa.

Miss Eaton says that the great desire of her heart has ever been to spread the good seed of the Kingdom as much as possible, by word, by letter, and by distribution of God's Word in English, Mende, and Arabic. (Arabic for Mohammedan readers.) I suspect that God is the only one who knows the number of Bibles and Scripture portions she has distributed in all these languages.

When Miss Eaton's ninth furlough was due she decided to spend it in Palestine. She was very tired and wanted a place of absolute rest. She found it would not cost more, perhaps less, than a furlough in America. She located a place with a lady who kept an American Missionary Home in Jerusalem and there in the Holy Land she spent her furlough year, living over unhurriedly, Bible scenes and places.

At the expiration of her tenth term in Africa she came home to America facing the possibility of never again returning to her chosen and beloved field, but Africa has forever woven itself into her life and she would desire nothing more than to go back and spend her remaining years at her old post of duty. She is making her home with her sister in Los Angeles, California. She is well in body and keen of mind and carriers her usual spirit of good cheer, and interest in all the world's affair, especially everything that pertains to the work of the Lord.

It would not be right to leave out of this story the mention of two churches in America, which, for a number of years have claimed a Living Link with Miss Eaton. They are Park Avenue Church in Johnstown and Trinity Church in Lebanon, Pennsylvania. These congregations have contributed generously of their money, their love and their prayers to make it possible for her to work on in her great harvest field. Thus it is that the churches at home and the missionary abroad become "laborers together with God."

We who know her say, "Well done, Miss Eaton!" and some celestial day we know the Great Master will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord!"

This is from a brochure from the Literature Department of the Women's Missionary Association United Brethren in Christ (price 2 cents)

OUR REPRESENTATIVES
MINNIE EATON

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To write a personal sketch of Miss Minnie Eaton, the veteran African missionary of the Church is a great pleasure. If I mistake not only two other persons in the church have a longer missionary record than she. I refer to Dr. Joseph Cossand of Japan and Dr. Regina Bigler of China.

Her missionary career began in 1894, when she under appointment of the Women's Missionary Association, sailed in company with five other missionaries and Bishop and Mrs. Hott, landing at Freetown, December 24, of the same year. Of her previous career, for she had one, I am not to write. Of her girlhood days in and about Dayton as a member of our First Church, her years as a student school teacher, all of which hold incidents of interest, judging from her later life, and which no doubt contributed to her success as a missionary, this sketch does not admit of detail.

Her first work was matron of the "Mary Sowers Home for Girls" at Rotifunk. Her work here was very successful although taxing her strength at times to the very limit. It was during her term as matron that Bishop J. S. Mills made his first visit to Africa and his discerning eye soon saw that she was over working and with a ply on phrenology he tired to convince her that the duty bump was over developed. Whether cranial confirmations confirmed this or not, of one thing I am quite sure, through all these years of service she has shown a devotion to duty of the highest order.

Her first term was about three and one-half years, her furlough falling due in April, 1898, just before the fateful May 2, when our missionaries were massacred at Rotifunk. She with Miss Cronise and Bishop and Mrs. Howard were on the Atlantic on their way home at the time of the massacre. As soon as the work had sufficiently recovered from the shock and the reconstruction had proceeded far enough to require her services she was ready to return. This time she was located at Moyamba where she had charge of the school and for a good part of the term was in charge of the work of the Station. The stone church at that place was largely built under her supervision.

But Miss Eaton and Tiama is a familiar association of names to all who have followed the development and growth of our African work. The writer will never forget the impression he had upon inducting her and her associate into work in this great heathen center. The memory of the uprising was still fresh and the impact of the Gospel message scarcely visible in the lives of the people. Their belongings had been sent on the train to Mano thence carried a distance of fourteen miles to their station. We saw them settled and the work planned for, and started on our return by way of Kwalu. They accompanied us to the river, broad and majestic, and we were ferried across in a dugout canoe. Just below our crossing, the rock on which Rev. and Mrs. McGrew had been massacred was projecting above the water; reaching the other shore we looked back and they were surrounded by a crowd of the town's people, friendly, but as yet entirely destitute of the Gospel light. As we waved them good-bye we breathed a prayer that the Lord of harvest would reward their courage and faith with a large fruitage. She and her associate, Miss Angie Akin, went to work and these years have seen the seed sown, taking root and bearing fruit. She has always been alert to seize a special opportunity to more firmly establish the mission work. One of her greatest concerns was the securing of a good site for the church. The Mission had procured a large piece of land on one side of the town. Here the mission house had been built but it was too inaccessible for a church. Thwarted time after time in suitable sites selected, she never gave up until at last a central and strategic location was secured. She had attempted to burn brick for this church which was only partially successful but finally a splendid combination stone and brick church was completed and dedicated. Other buildings erected under her supervision are a concrete schoolhouse, especially constructed for the tropics and an adobe boys' home. During these years she has gathered in many boys and kept them in school having upward of twenty at one time. These, she and her associate have very largely supported out of their own meager salaries.

She has had a vision of the possibility of self support and has worked hard to utilize the land owned by the

Mission at this place. Kola and para-rubber trees have been planted and cared for, also a large number of gum copal trees have been started. In her is found a splendid blending of utility and artistic traits. The Mission grounds abound in all kinds of tropical fruits artistically arranged and interspersed with flowers and shrubbery. The side of the Mission house are gorgeous with clusters of the beautiful bougainvillea. Through faithful and unremitting study she has acquired a better knowledge of the Mende language than any other American or European in Sierra Leone and recently made a find contribution to a Mende dictionary which the Government is publishing.

It will be seen that her duties have been manifold. In charge of all the activities of the Station, school, boys' home, the church, and the district itinerating and giving much time to overseeing the plantation. With all these cares and in a climate that is debilitating in the extreme she has maintained her health and strength and quite often walks from Mano on the railroad to Tiama, fourteen miles. Her influence with the chief and his people is illustrated in the following: The chief was investigating a case of cannibalism in his district and was anxious to show the authorities that he was true, so sent for Miss Eaton to go to the Barra and be present at the trial. She sat as a counselor and parts of the human victim were put in evidence. She has been carefully laying the foundation for a strong Christian Church and community and incidentally enshrining her name in the hearts of the people who are being delivered from the awful bondage of pagan darkness.

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Copied from The World Evangel, April 1954 and published by The Women's Society of World Service of the Evangelical United Brethren Church.

A Tribute to Miss Minnie Eaton

Written by Zella Bates King (Mrs. J.R.)

Miss Minnie Eaton our long time friend and for years our fellow-worker has gone "Home." She left this earthly body January 19, in Los Angeles, California.

Since receiving this word I have been living again those days when as young missionaries we went to Sierra Leone. We met Miss Eaton first in November 1894 when our party of six visited some of our churches in the east on our way to sail from New York. Our part included our beloved Bishop and Mrs. Hott who were going on an episcopal visit to our West Africa Mission; Miss Eaton, Rev. and Mrs. A.T. Howard, Miss Florence Cronise, and Rev. and Mrs. J.R. King—all of us going for our first term.

Miss Eaton felt at home in Sierra Leone from the first. After leaving New York she wrote, "I did not feel then, nor do I now, that I am going far away," although West Africa in those days was looked upon as a far distant field.

She liked the country and took the people to her heart from the very first. This interest and her desire to serve continued and increased through all the years she lived in Sierra Leone. She was quick to see opportunities for service and overlooked what might have been difficulties and discouragements.

Her first appointment was in Rotifunk where she was to take charge of the Mission Girls' Home and also teach in the school. She entered into her work with great joy. In a short time she opened a school in the village (barrie) thus hoping to get children who were not attending the mission school. One of the mission girls was her interpreter. Her equipment consisted of a bell to call the children together and a blackboard. She said, "If we can start one or two on the way to better things it will be a great reward." At the end of a month four of these children entered the mission school.

She began visiting the surrounding villages making friends among the people and holding services with them. From the beginning she felt the need to know the language so that she might speak directly to and converse with the people.

This beginning was typical of all the years she lived and served in West Africa. During her first term she was delighted when an opportunity came to go with a party of missionaries on a twelve day tour through the Mendi country. They passed through Moyamba where we had our work at that time. Miss Eaton wrote, "Moyamba—what a nice town, we probably could have a good school here."

They went on to Tiama which she had so wanted to see, the largest town in that part of the country. That was in February of 1898 and three months later Tiama was the scene of the massacre of Rev. and Mrs. L. A. McGrew.

When she returned to Sierra Leone after the uprising, work had been started at Moyamba and she was in charge of the girls' boarding school, now known as the "Harford School for Girls." From there she went to Tiama where she lived for several years having much to do with the establishing and growth of the work at that important station. During this time a good church was built and many were received into full membership. The work of the school and the dispensary prospered.

Miss Eaton always had a group of children whom she was assisting financially so that they could go to school. She visited the surrounding villages and spent many hours in language study, in translating hymns and the Scriptures.

To but few in our West Africa Mission or any of our other mission areas has it been given to serve so many years as Miss Eaton served.

The good seed she sowed will bear fruit in the lives of the people in Sierra Leone through all the years to come. Could any one ask more?

She said of herself, truly "the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

Obituary that appeared in a San Gabriel Valley newspaper

Missionary To Be Buried

Miss Minnie Eaton, teacher-missionary in Africa 44 years, died at her 2712 Maxson Rd. home Tuesday at the age of 87 years.

Last rites are scheduled at 1 p.m. today at Rose Chapel, Rose Hills Memorial Park. Dr. Snider, pastor of the United Brethren Church of Los Angeles, is officiate. Pierce Brothers, Monterey Park Mortuary directors, are in charge.

Goes to Africa

Miss Eaton was a missionary for the United Brethren Church, spending more than half her life in Sierra Leone, West Africa. A graduate of Otterbein College in Ohio, "she taught wherever she went," her colleagues said. She was one of the first teachers on the faculty of Hartford Girls' School in Moyamba.

She was said to have had the confidence of all the tribal chiefs in the territory. According to Mrs. E.D. Conner, who with her husband, Dr. Connor, did missionary work in Africa from 1928 to 1934, the deceased was always willing to do what was needed in an area which had many needs.

Was Translator

The missionary aided in the translation of books of the Bible into Mende, the dominant dialect in West Africa. Prior to the coming of the United Brethren Church mission, the dialect had no written form. U.B.C. developed a phonetic system based on the alphabet for the Mende-speaking peoples.

Miss Eaton died eight days after her younger sister, Mrs. Mabel Kent of South San Gabriel. Mrs. Kent was a missionary with the Peniel mission in Alaska many years ago.

The deceased, a lineal descendant of a Mayflower passenger, was born in Dayton, Ohio. She had lived in El Monte since 1940.

Among her survivors are a sister-in-law, Loula Eaton, of Monterey Park, and a niece, Elizabeth May, of South San Gabriel.

Obituary that appeared in the Puente Valley Journal, Thursday January 28, 1954

Miss Minnie Eaton Dies 8 Days After Sister's Death

Otterbein—Miss Minnie Eaton, aunt of Mrs. C.A. Leister, passed away at the home of Dr. and Mrs. E. I. Connor in Pomona Jan. 19. She had made her home with them for four and one-half years.

Miss Eaton, 87, a graduate of Otterbein College in Ohio, went to Africa as a missionary-teacher of the Evangelical United Brethren Church in 1894. In 1898 on her first leave in the States she learned that five of the missionaries with whom she had been working in Africa had been massacred.

Undaunted Miss Eaton returned to Sierra Leone, West Africa, to build a new church upon the stones where the massacres took place and continued to teach and work until her retirement in 1938. Meantime she aided in the translation of books of the Bible into Mende, the dominant dialect in West Africa, which previously had no written form and was based on a phonetic system originated by the church peoples.

Miss Eaton passed away eight days after the death of her sister, Mrs. Mabel Kent of South Gabriel. A lineal descendant of a Mayflower passenger, Miss Eaton was born in Dayton, Ohio. She made her home in El Monte from 1940 until she suffered a broken leg and went to live with Dr. and Mrs. Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. Leister and son, Spencer, with Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Doub, attended funeral services Friday afternoon at Rose Chapel, Rose Hills Memorial Park.

Four nieces and five nephews are the survivors.

Bishop and Mrs. Ira Warner of North Whittier Heights served as missionaries in Africa during Miss Eaton's service in that country.

Stories and notes found in Aunt Minnie's papers

A large doll was sent to Tiama. It proved to be a great attraction, even to the grownup people. One day the Chief and a number of influential people came to the Mission to tell us "how do". They saw the doll and became very much interested in it, holding it as carefully as they would a tiny babe. When they started away, they begged us to allow them to take it over to Ngiyuya to show their people promising to send it back before dark. One young man held it very carefully and proudly and marched along at the head of the crowd which increased rapidly as they went down the street. It was a great curiosity to them all. It was returned before dark in good condition.

A true missionary "God's postman, bring God's letter."

It was in December of 1894 that a party of six missionaries, all new workers, arrived in Freetown, Sierra Leone, British West Africa. Four of these, Mr. A.T. Howard, Mrs. Howard, Mr. J.R. King, Mrs. King, were appointed (sent out) by the Foreign Missionary Society of the United Brethren in Christ. The other two, Miss F.M. Cronise and Miss M.E. Eaton, were appointed by the Women's Missionary Society of the same church. These were sent out in answer to repeated calls by the missionaries on the field who saw the boundless opportunities for spreading the Gospel.

Evangel - October 1910 "Miss Eaton and Rev. J. F. Musselman left by the S.S. Falaba on Sept. 5 (1910) for their furlough. They each had ended a successful term of service and are deserving of the rest and recuperation that awaits them. Miss Eaton saw the work at Tiama brought to better organization and the walls of the new church ready for the roof. She was loath to leave the people in whose hearts she had gained a large place but discretion urges the rest for the great "Unfinished Task." This was Mr. Musselman's first term."

* * * *

Terms of Service in Sierra Leone, West Africa.

1. Nov. 1894 - May 1898	Sailed for Africa Nov. 27, 1894 Arrived in Freetown December 24, 1894 Returned from Africa May 10, 1898
2. Oct. 1900 - Jan. 1904	Oct. 2, 1900 sailed for Africa Arrived in New York Feb. 13, 1904
3. Nov. 1904 - June 1907	Sailed from New York Nov. 30, 1904 Accompanied by Miss Angie Akin Arrived in Liverpool, December 9, 1904 Sailed from Liverpool December 10, 1904 on the Akabo Returned from Africa via Rome, Italy
4. Mar. 1908 - Oct. 1910	Left Africa Sept. 5, 1910 on the S.S. Falaba and arrived in New York Oct. 2, 1910
5. Mar. 1911 - Oct. 1913	
6. May 1914 - Nov. 1917	Returned to Africa June 1914 Left Africa Sept. 18. 1917
7. Dec. 1918 - Aug. 1921	Left Africa July 29, 1921 on S.S. Ekart
8. June 1922 - Aug. 1924	Returned on the Laconia
9. May 1926 - Oct. 1929	Journey to Palestine Sailed on the S.S. Madonna
10. May 1930 - May 1934	Left Africa May 20, 1934 on the S.S. Banfora of of the Faber Line
11. December 1934	In Palestine
12. May 1935 - May 1938	Returned to America via England and meeting her sister, Mabel Kent in England.

** In some cases the dates may not be accurate.*

From the Web site: http://www.gcah.org/minister.htm. The "General Commission on Archives and History, "The United Methodist Church, Genealogy Search, PO Box 127, Madison, NJ 07940 (1/99)

AFRICA

SIERRA LEONE

In 1853, The General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ established the Home, Frontier, and Foreign Missionary Society. On January 1, 1854, it was decided to establish a station on the Big Boom River in Sierra Leone. W. J. Shuey, D. K. Flickinger, and D.C. Kumler, M.D. set sail from New York on January 23, 1855. They landed at Freetown, Sierra Leone. Soon a site was selected at Mo Kelli, 120 miles south of Freetown. But the selection proved to be a poor and the mission was located to Shenge, 60 miles Southeast of Freetown. Seven missionaries were sent in the first decade, yet the only fruit of the mission after seven years was two children, a boy and a girl.

From 1855 to 1869 the mission was in crisis. At one point the mission was run by a native from Freetown, J. A. Williams. In December of 1870 the Board sent Joseph Gomer and his wife to the field. They proved to be a very successful. In 1877, Emily Beeken was sent by the Women's Missionary Association. In 1898 mob violence against whites, sparked by British colonial government policy, left seven missionaries supported by the Women's Missionary Association dead. But the mission was rebuilt. The mission in Sierra Leone consisted of education programs, congregational schools (including Albert Academy) and numerous medical programs, dispensaries, and hospitals. However, evangelistic work was always the fundamental concern of the mission.

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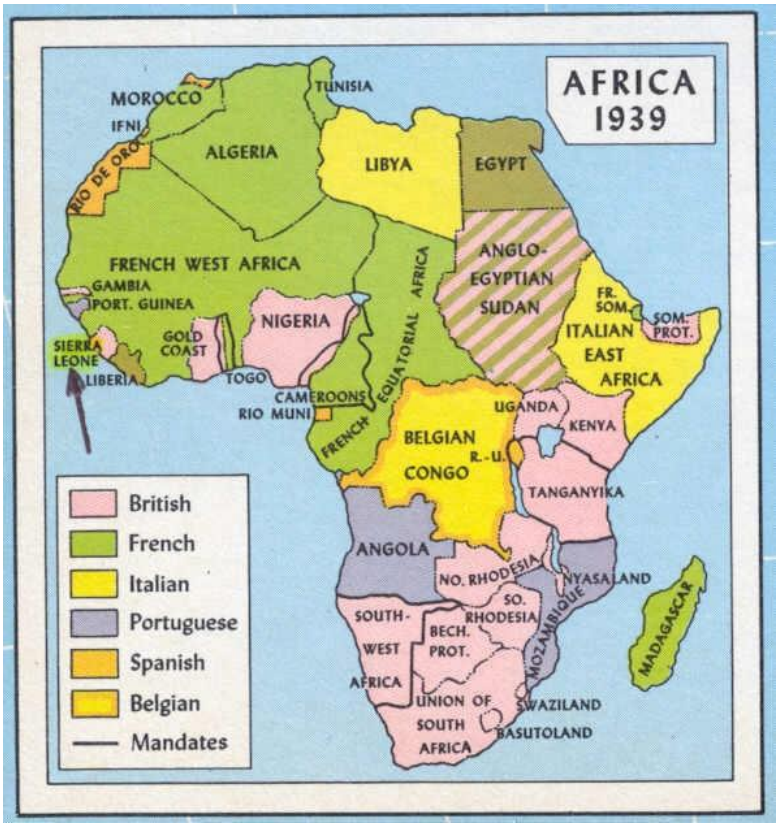
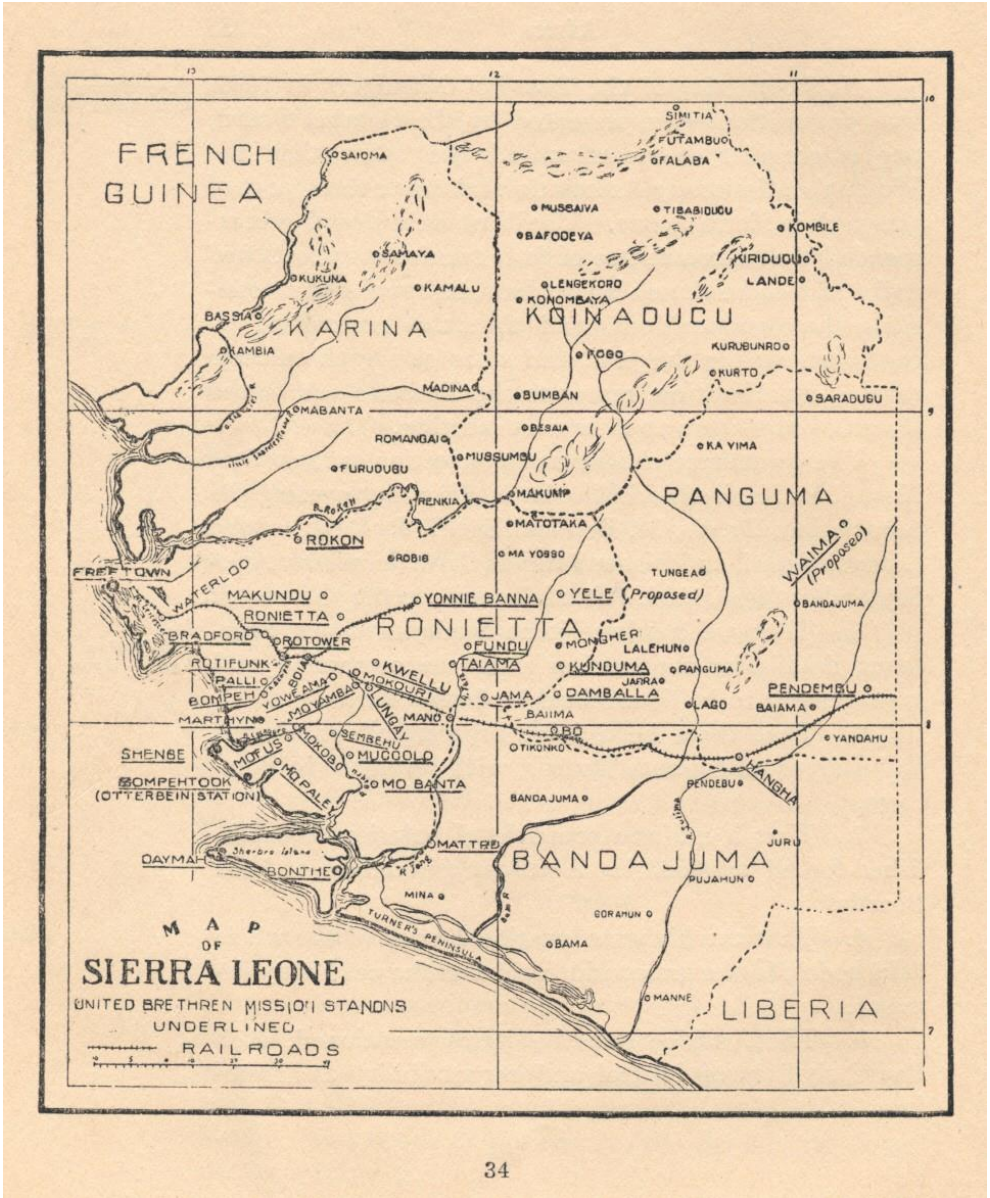


Map of Sierra Leone from the *History of The Woman's Missionary Association of the United Brethren In Christ.*
Printed 1910, Dayton, Ohio, United Brethren Publishing House



Some of this information was taken from a school paper that I apparently wrote after World War II for some High School class. Then also updated information from the web site: Http://free.freespeach.org/isierra-leone/factsfigures/index. Martha

BACKGROUND ABOUT SIERRA LEONE, WEST AFRICA

Twenty-Five years after the abolition of slavery in the United States, four hundred freed African slaves sailed from England and landed on the shore of St. George's Bay, Sierra Leone, West Africa, to form a settlement. A local African chief sold a strip of territory to accommodate them, and in this way England acquired one of the finest harbors on the west coast of Africa. It was appropriately named Freetown, because its founders were freed slaves. Sierra Leone was British owned and divided into a British Colony and a Protectorate. The Colony included the city of Freetown and a strip of mainland that extended inland for about half a mile. The remainder of the country constituted the Protectorate, which was country with the government largely administered by native chiefs. It was a British Colony from 1767 until April 27, 1961 at which time it became an independent Republic.

Sierra Leone is located on the west coast of Africa about 7 degrees north of the equator and is about the size of South Carolina. Sierra Leone is sandwiched between French Guinea on the north and Liberia on the south. On the seacoast, the peninsula of Sierra Leone, which is twenty-three miles long and about fourteen miles wide, is extremely hilly and thickly wooded. But the mainland, from the coast inward, consists of a plain about fifty miles wide, sloping up to the usual plateau, with numerous hills rising to three thousand feet in height. The country is well covered with bush, savanna grasslands and rain forest. Forests are densest in the southeast and contain varieties of palm and, to a lesser extent, mahogany and teak. The wild animals include the elephant, leopard, chimpanzee, bush pig, monkey and antelope. Hippopotamuses and numerous crocodiles are found in the rivers and among the snakes is found the large regal python. Sierra Leone has a tropical climate; the mean temperature in Freetown is about 80° in January and 78° in July. Annual rainfall averages more than 150 inches along the coast and about 80 inches in the northern interior. Most rain falls from May to October. There are Africans of many different tribes in the country. Sixteen of the tribes are indigenous, meaning native to that country, each with its own language. The largest groups are the Mende and Temne people, making up about 60 percent of the population.

Much of Sierra Leone's wealth is derived from rich mineral resources, including diamonds and iron ore. Small amounts of gold and platinum are also mined.

Background of United Brethren Church Involvement in the Mission Field

Christ commanded the church to go "Into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15) and to "Go and teach all nations" (Matt. 28:19). To the United Brethren Church, this meant more than preaching the Gospel to those in the homeland. It meant taking it to all the nations of the world who had not yet had that light. In fulfillment of this command, missions were begun in Japan, China, Puerto Rico, Philippine Islands and British West Africa. Africa was the first foreign field because it was the most needy field and the one most difficult to cultivate. Africa was a vast area and was filled with hundreds of tribes who had never seen a white man. The early missionaries had to open the work amid strange and most depressing conditions. Soon after landing in Africa, they made frequent trips of investigation by small boats for the purpose of finding a location for the mission. The work was begun in Sierra Leone in 1855.

No one will ever know of all of the hardships and loneliness the missionaries endured in Sierra Leone, West Africa. Sierra Leone was located on the equator and so the heat was almost beyond endurance, the swamps immense, the endless forest dense, the malarial fevers deadly, there were clouds of mosquitoes and millions of other poisonous insects, hidden game pits, poisonous flying arrows, frightful devil dancers, cruel killing of the men in a conquered tribe and the keeping of the women for polygamy. Then there were other obstacles like the numerous languages and dialects that were not in written form so the missionaries had to reduce them to writing before they could hope to make much progress.

The first station was at Shenge and a small church was erected. After a number of interviews with Chief Caulker at Shenge, he offered a beautiful site for the mission consisting of one hundred acres of land on a cape extending out into the sea. After seventy years of mission service there the work was placed in the

hands of natives, many of whom were second or third generation Christians.

The headquarters for the United Brethren Mission was in Freetown where the Superintendent and his wife lived. The superintendent had general supervision of the work both of churches and schools. He was also editor of the monthly magazine published by the conference - "The Sierra Leone Outlook." The Freetown office handled the supplies for schools and hospitals at all stations. Albert Academy was located there and was opened in 1904. It was a boys' school for training of ministers and teachers.

As a place for recuperation for missionaries, in 1896 a rest cottage just south of Freetown on two acres of ground, 1,550 feet above sea level was built. It was named Bethany Collage and was located on Mt. Leicester.

Rotifunk, the principal town of the Bompeh Chiefdom, was one of the older stations and was opened in 1976. The Hatfield dispensary was located there and the mission staff consisted of a doctor and nurse. This was the home of the Mary Sowers' Girls Home. There were outlying villages where regular services were conducted and other areas where missionaries would travel to for occasional services. Temne was the language spoken in this area.

Moyamba, forty miles farther into the interior, was a Paramount Chief's town and also headquarters for the District Commission. This was the site of the Harford School for Girls. This was the only high school for girls in the Protectorate. The government built a railroad into the interior which reached Moyamba in 1902.

Tiama was another Paramount Chief's town and was located fifty miles east of Moyamba. It was located along the Taia River and 12 miles from Mano which eventually had a railroad. There was a large boarding school located there with dormitories for both boys and girls. A church was organized in 1906 with six members. A branch dispensary, opened in 1908, was located there also, but it was not staffed all of the time. There were also outstations which had regular services and were visited during the year by an itinerating missionary. Mende was the language spoken in this area.

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Dear Ruth: I thought you might appreciate a copy of this article which we have sent to the Telescope and Evangel. Of course they will edit it so don't know how much they will print. We appreciated the note as well as the gift. No token was necessary for the life of such a faithful and loyal church member and personal friend as Aunt Minnie. We loved her dearly. I am just so glad she is through with this world, full of its suffering, and has gone to be with her Lord and friends of other years. Thanks again and love, Esther Anderson

Miss Minnie Eaton

Miss Minnie Eaton has been called home. God has placed His seal of approval upon the life of one fully dedicated and consecrated to His will. She came into this world "Minnie Eaton" but she went out of this world, Miss Minnie Eaton, Missionary, Teacher, benefactor of mankind, child of God. She became a member of what is now Grace Church, Los Angeles July 10th, 1892 by letter of transfer and has been a faithful and loyal member ever since, attending the services of the church whenever possible and contributing to its support; sixty two years of loving service to one congregation.

Miss Eaton was educated in Otterbein college at Westerville, Ohio and soon was consecrated a missionary to Africa, at that time, a very dark continent. Her first term was from 1894 - 1898. During that term she was assigned to our work in Rotifunk. There were preparatory years when God was getting her ready for a most marvelous life in the midst of need, savagery and ignorance. Early in 1898 Miss Minnie Eaton landed in New York for her first furlough. Little did she know that God's hand of protection had been laid upon her and that He had saved her for a great task, for upon landing in New York she received the awful news that every missionary with whom she had worked save one had been slain in a furious uprising among the natives. What a shock! Many would have feared to return but in 1900 she returned as a teacher at Moyamba and one of her first tasks was to gather together the scattered girls and reopen the school. At one time she was sent to Tiami where Mr. and Mrs. McGrew had been taken to a rock in the middle of the river and beheaded. Miss Eaton was a courageous woman and although small in size was so great in soul that she commanded respect of the natives. When she witnessed the destruction and saw the black rock where her friends were slain she directed the natives to break that rock and haul it to the shore and then build those stones into a new church as a memorial to those who had given their lives.

Her dedication was complete and no task was too difficult or costly for her to undertake. At one time the crops failed and the Timmi tribe was hungry. This courageous woman gathered a group of natives together and at her own expense, baked bread and fed the whole group for three weeks, until help could come from other sources. Such was the life of one little woman from 1894 until her retirement in 1938.

Miss Eaton returned to her little home in El Monte, California where she lived until a broken hip made it impossible for her to continue there alone. She was taken from the hospital to the home of Dr. and Mrs. I.E. Connor, themselves medical missionaries to Africa, where she lived for six years until her death January 19, 1954. Too much can not be said of the constant and loving care given Miss Eaton by Dr. and Mrs. Connor.

Her funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Dr. George F. Snyder assisted by Rev. O. Wilbur Fix of the Pomona church on January 21 in the little chapel at Rose Hills cemetery. She was the last of her immediate family. Only a sister-in-law and several nieces and nephews remain. Miss Eaton has gone from us—yet she lives in the hearts of many friends on both sides of the world.

Excerpts from a letter written to me by my mother Loula Eaton about the life of Minnie Eaton (my father's sister) written the evening after Minnie Eaton's funeral. Esther Anderson

I got along fine until the minister started going over her life and what she went through. I remembered it all so clearly. She joined the First U.B. Church in Los Angeles in April 1892. We came out from Kansas in November. The family, or rather Mabel, her father and Lincoln came up there from San Diego County to L.A. to live in November 1892—the first part. We left Kansas Nov. 11th that year and went there to church and met them right after we got to L.A. The first Sunday after, I think. Minnie taught in San Diego and did not come up to stay until school was out. We got fairly well acquainted with them there. Mabel and I visited back and forth and Christmas 1893 we spent with them. Will was going to school in Woodbridge. Then in March 1894 we went back to Kansas. In November 1894 Minnie started for Africa. She spent a few days with us in Kansas as she went. That time she came back to California in early summer of 1898. Lincoln had gone into the army and was in San Francisco. Minnie was determined to get him out of the army and put him into U.S.C. She stopped in San Francisco but could not. Right after she left Africa and about the time she got to New York, there was a native uprising in Sierra Leone over a hut tax the English had put on the natives. The natives or War Boys as they called themselves broke out and killed the missionaries she had been working with—burned all the property and tore up trees, and it was a complete destruction of the work of fifty years. There was a big rock in the river near the mission where Rev. and Mrs. McGrew were beheaded. Minnie grieved so. My dad went from Pomona to L.A. to see her and brought her back to Pomona with Him. I remember he walked out from Pomona about a mile and a half to where we lived, then drove back to the depot after her. She spent a month with us that time. Night after night she seemed to live over the scene of destruction and would scream and cry out in her sleep. That time she could not get back to Africa for about a year, but went as soon as she could get in. The rock where Rev. and Mrs. McGrew were killed stood in the River. She sent the native boys out into the river to break up the rock and carry it in to put in the foundations of the church.

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Miss Minnie Eaton, in Morning of Service, at High Noon, and Approaching the Sunset.

The following "Short Story" was written by Martha Leister for school assignment due April 28, 1947. Information for the story would have been from interviews with her mother, grandmother, and Aunt Minnie.

Experiences in Africa

I have a great aunt who has spent many years as a missionary in a foreign country. Forty-four years is a long time to spend in tropical West Africa, especially Sierra Leone, West Africa. She was a school teacher here in California until November 1894 at which time she went there. After arriving in Africa her first years were spent with the Mary Sowers' School for Girls at Rotifunk. Later this school was moved to Moyamba and named the Lillian R. Harford School for girls. Aunt Minnie moved with this school. Eventually she went to Tiama Station and took charge of a Boarding School for boys where she headed the work for many years. She returned to America for the last time in 1937. She is now making her home here in Southern California. Aunt Minnie enjoyed her work so much that she wanted to go back to Africa and spend the rest of her life there.

As she looks back over these years she can remember many things that have happened. She can tell stories of meetings held, of itinerary trips, of garments sewed, of people helped as they needed help, of months spent in school rooms, of dispensing drugs, of putting up buildings, of directing boys to grow their own food, of making or keeping a home, of caring for helpless babies and many other thing.

She has had many different experiences among the natives. Some of them very gruesome, some of them very nice.

I am going to try and tell you of several stories of things that have happened during her life.

Aunt Minnie found it necessary to do things much differently in Africa than here in America. In 1918 during the First World War Aunt Minnie and another woman were given a furlough. These two women wanted to come to America. Because of the war women were not allowed to travel in British ports. There was a freighter in the harbor of Dakar (a British seaport on the west coast of Africa) which had come from Australia. This cargo ship was carrying woolen goods and fruits from Australia and New Zealand. It was not a passenger ship but they worked things so that they could get on the ship. The other woman being a doctor signed on the ship as the ship doctor. Aunt Minnie signed on the ship as a stewardess. They were the only two women on this ship. The ship set out in a general northwest direction. They kept this course except when they would hear about submarine boats. The woman doctor really did help out as a doctor. While the ship had been in Dakar a few of the men had been bitten by the mosquito carrying the Malaria germ. She treated them for this. While Aunt Minnie was on deck she did mending for the crew of the ship. The ship landed in New York a few weeks later after a long but pleasant journey.

There are many different methods of travel in Africa. It was often necessary in order to get to one place to use more than one method of travel. One time Aunt Minnie made a trip to the Kissi Kono Country which is in the eastern section of Sierra Leone. She went by lorry (the English word for truck) from her home to the train station. This was about an hours ride. There she took the train to another station. It took the train about three hours to travel thirty miles on a narrow gauge track. Here she was met by Dr. Conner and his nurse. As soon as Dr. Conner got his car out of the repair garage they started on the last lap of the journey. Along the way they stopped at an old British mission. This mission had been destroyed in 1898. Everything that would burn had been burnt. A number of things were dumped in the well. Everything had been destroyed. Continuing their journey they crossed a number of small rivers. Several rivers were crossed on crude ferries. These ferries were pulled across by natives. The roads were very narrow and hilly. The roads were so poor in some places that cars couldn't even pass. One place they stopped and picked up an alligator to take home with him. On his way down to meet Aunt Minnie, Dr. Conner had seen these alligators in one of the rivers. One of the men had killed one of them for him. Dr. Conner tied the alligator on the back of the car and started on towards home. When darkness came upon them a native man sat on the fender of the car and held a flashlight so that they could see where they were going. They made it to the village late that evening. The next day the children of the village had a very nice alligator feast.

Mr. Sheets, a nurse and Aunt Minnie one day made a trip to another station. They were riding in a canoe named the Lone Star. The people sit on boards placed across the top. They must place their feet on the sides of the canoe because of the water which is in the bottom. The canoes are paddled by two men. They had gone down the river to several different mission stations and inspected these stations. Then they started up a branch of the river. On the way up the river they could see many alligators. The alligators would slide off of the mud into the river. They shot at one of the alligators and hit it but didn't kill it. They placed the alligator on the bottom of the boat. It laid there unconscious for awhile. In a little while the alligator became conscious again and started inching its way up towards the front of the boat. The men hit it on the head and pulled it back by its tail. This occurred several times. Aunt Minnie said that it gave her a funny feeling to look down and see the head of the alligator come creeping through her legs. It is very hard to kill alligators but they finally managed to do it. They inspected another mission station then started towards home. They went back through the jungles. The two women were carried in hammocks while the men walked. They tied the alligator on a plank and a native man carried the plank on his head. The native children enjoyed another alligator feast the next day.

Aunt Minnie can tell many gruesome stories also. One day the chief of the town called Aunt Minnie over to the other edge of the town. There was a large crowd there when Aunt Minnie arrived. One of the girls who lived in that village had been killed and it had been reported to the chief as according to custom. The chief told Aunt Minnie, in the native language, about the girl. The girl's head had been cut off and her heart taken. The chief said that there was a skull of another person there also. The girl was lying on the ground wrapped in a palm branch-hamper. The chief asked Aunt Minnie if she wanted to see the girl but she said no. When the chief said that the girl had chicken-pox Aunt Minnie immediately got away so that the wind wouldn't blow towards her. They always had to take precautions like this. The man whom the people believed had killed the girl was put in jail but of course he denied that he had done so. It was never proven that he had done it. It is very hard to prove anything like that in Africa. The girls body laid there for several days because she had been pledge to a man when she was very small. The folks finally came and redeemed the body. Several days later the man was let out of jail. Aunt Minnie saw this same man several years later in another village. She made sure that there were several men staying in the same house with her that evening. She didn't want to have him come into the house during the night. There are openings for doors and windows but no doors or windows. People and animals can get into the houses at anytime. Things like this happen quite often in Africa.

One time Aunt Minnie went on a trip for a number of days. She was carried in a hammock by four men. She also took other native men along to carry the food and other supplies. They always carry a chop box (food box) and a candle for light with them wherever they go. Some places it is necessary to travel in grass fields. The grass is higher than their heads and there are many wild animals in the grass. They can walk for miles in this grass. There are many small streams to cross. Often times the men will offer to carry the women across the streams. One place during this trip was strange to her. She stayed in the best house in town. Even the best houses in town were not too good. The room in which she stayed had one opening which was window. Soon the native women of the village began to look in this window. They hadn't seen very many of these strange white women. Aunt Minnie put a paper up in the window to keep these natives from looking in. She still had lots of rats. They would keep running back and forth on the rafters. Aunt Minnie asked for a cat to be placed in the room with her. Before going to bed she had placed her things beside her bed on the box. She even took off her glasses. She blew the candle out and went to bed. In a few minutes the cat hit the box where she had placed all of her things. The cat was on his way out of the window. When Aunt Minnie got the candle lit she found her glasses clear across the room. It was lucky that they were not broken. Later on that same evening she wanted to walk out side into the patio. She found this rather impossible because there was a cow blocking her doorway. There were also several other cows in the patio.

The native women have very black thick curly hair. They take one day out about once a month to comb their hair. It takes them most of the day to do it. Many of the women have lice in their hair. One time Aunt Minnie was traveling to a strange town. She had heavy hair and always wore it in braids. While traveling the hair pins had come loose. As she was entering this village she took her hair down and was braiding it again. The women of the village came around and watched her. She heard many oh's and ah's. One woman came up to Aunt Minnie and while Aunt Minnie wasn't looking put her hair around Aunt Minnie's' head. It was lucky that Aunt Minnie didn't get any lice in her hair.

The way the people eat and what they eat is quite different from what we are use to. They always have rice to eat. This is their main dish. Along with this they eat sweet potatoes, koko (like the sweet potato), casana (a large root) and other native foods. They also make a stew. The main base of the stew is a palm oil. It is a reddish oil from the nuts of palm trees. They boil this oil until it is a brownish color. It is a very good oil. In this oil they put fried onions. The natives use a lot of hot pepper. Usually they put some kind of a vegetable in with it. They can use tomatoes, okra, spinach or some greens of some kind. They use a lot of salt and some water. The men are always served first. The women will put the big bowl of rice on the floor. They all eat out of the same bowl. The man will wash one hand in a bowl of water which is nearby and then put his hand into the rice. He will roll up the rice in a ball, sometimes he puts some stew on it, and puts it in his mouth. Sometimes he will lick his hand off and then put it back into the bowl again. A few civilized people now use spoons. After the men are through eating the women will eat what is left. They never eat with the men. The chief of the town usually has his own bowl to eat out of. It is not a good meal unless as the natives say they have a "belly full".

One day Aunt Minnie along with several other friends went into a village in the middle of the day. The natives said that they would cook a meal for them. The natives had that day killed a dog thief and they were going to use the dog meat for the bases of the stew. Because the houses are always open the dogs can go into the house at any time and take food. It is often necessary to kill the dog. When any one kills anything the natives share it with everyone else of the village. All meat to them is beef. Dog meat is sweet beef. Of course Aunt Minnie didn't accept the natives invitation to eat. They never would eat what the natives cooked unless they absolutely sure what was in it.

The mission house where Aunt Minnie lived was up on a hill. There was jungle on three sides of the house. On the fourth side of the house was the village. One day during a dry season Aunt Minnie looked down over the village. She saw a house on fire. The houses have either bamboo or grass roofs. The fire spread from one roof to another. The wind was blowing towards the mission house and the fire was spreading fast. The grass around the huts was beginning to burn also. Aunt Minnie went into the house and collected all the money from the safe and all the important records. She moved these things along with a few other things over to the school house. The school house was constructed of materials that would not burn. Then Aunt Minnie began to pray. All at once the wind began to blow in the opposite direction and the fire was stopped. Nearly a hundred roofs burned that day. Aunt Minnie felt that this had been a direct answer to prayer.

These are only a couple of the many stories that Aunt Minnie has told us about her experiences in Africa.

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Excerpts from letters written by Minnie Eaton

Grandmother Flora kept most of the letters she received from her sister Minnie. Martha Deardorff read the letters and the following excerpts are of special interest to Flora's family – her daughter, Ruth, and grandchildren Martha, Mary Ruth and Spencer.

January 31, 1913 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I am wondering about the Otterbein acre. If I have enough money then to make the payment. I have lost track of how much I have there. I hope it is enough, what I have sent, over and above the house, the house rent and what was in the bank. I am glad you will be getting a home. If you don't like it there, it will be something toward another one sometime. And where is Father? I think of him so much and wish he were stationary. I am glad you had my house tinted. Whenever repairs are needed, don't hesitate to have them done according to your judgment."

June 21, 1915 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "Those two crepe dresses I made have been very useful. I have them washed about twice a week for I sweat something terrible."

September 20, 1915 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama "I am afraid my letters lately have been cards. I always seem to be rushed when it comes to writing. For one thing, I have been putting in considerable extra time on Mende songs, getting some new ones translated and working over old ones with Randles help. It takes a lot of time and nervous energy. But it will pay if I can get out a little song book. There are constant requests for it. Even at the best we will only have a few dozen hymns but if they are good they will fill the bill for the present..... Father wrote from Sacramento and said Lincoln came to his place while he was up there and couldn't stay until he would get back home. I felt like crying over it. I believe I am the last one of the family he has seen. It did seem too bad they should miss each other by a few days. The Post and Journal are coming now. I have received several rolls of papers lately you have sent and very glad to get them too."

June 12, 1916 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "A letter from you last week. It contained the sample of Ruth's dresses and also her letter. I will answer it soon. Ruth must be learning a lot of useful things and getting to be an all-round girl and I am so glad. But she would have to be that if she took after her mother. How does she and Dorothy get on together? Is Eliza going to keep Dorothy? Where have Lincoln and Loula gone to? You wrote they had gone farther north?"

October 9, 1916 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "Three days ago Ruth's card written from San Diego came to hand. I expect you had a nice time down there. Change of scene is a good thing unless one gets too much of it. Ruth will always remember that exposition and I am glad you both went."

October 23, 1916 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "How time does fly. October will soon be done, according to the calendar. Your letter from San Diego reached me by last post and also Ruth's letter written just after you got home. She said she would be going to the Poly High. It does seem strange to think of her traveling that road every day. She must be much more mature than she was three years ago. Well, they will grow up. How do you feel at finding yourself the mother of a High School student?"

November 19, 1916 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "Sunday afternoon and I have just had a nap and then a bath in the tub and now will write a little while the house is still quiet. The others are still resting in their rooms. . . . . We are having an exciting time these days. There is a Mohammedan priest going through the country, stirring up the people and compelling hundreds to become Mohammedians. He came here week before last and has completely upset the town. He now claims to be God himself and says he can do all sorts of things. He has completely fooled our poor old chief and many of his followers. So I sent for Mr. Hursh to come up and Mrs. Hursh came along. He went to see the chief yesterday and he denied everything. They have drawn away some of our people and it just breaks my heart. I don't know what can be done to stop the movement. The English Government permits religious liberty so a man may be a Mohammedan if he likes and also try to win others. But this man is forcing people to accept his faith. There are hundreds here who are trying to pray their way and calling themselves Mohammedans."

December 31, 1916 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I have about 75 bushels of rice on hand now and hope to get about 25 more and then our food question will be largely settled for the year. .....There is no need to tell you that I thought of you all during the Christmas season. You know that well. I think the older I get, the more I cling to you. One's own people—some of them—seem more dear and the tie stronger as the years go by."

April 16, 1917 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "It is so very hot up here 98 and 100 in the coolest spot we can find. Our well is dry and we have to use river water and it tastes so smoky. The people are burning their farms everywhere and the air is thick with smoke. It looks like it does at Pittsburg, Pa. But in a few weeks they will be through with that as the rains are beginning to come. We had a hard tornado last night and very heavy rain."

March 3, 1919 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "If possible I want to send a country cloth to town for Miss Clippinger to take and send to you when she gets home. She may get off before I can get one there. It is so difficult now to get them. It is hot! hot! The sweat rolls down my wrists and soaks the paper as I write."

August 18, 1919 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I expect to send a messenger with mail to Mano tomorrow so must hurry with my writing. I have had two letters since the cablegram came, the one telling of the home going of Father. I do so miss him. It is a good thing that I have been even more than usually busy recently. It gives me less time to think of our loss."

Another letter dated August 18, 1919 said "A good many people came to the Mission today, to the dispensary today for medicine and we are thankful that we have a fairly good supply of drugs. Many more came for bread and some came to sympathize with me because of the death of my Father. One of our African workers and some of the church people came after the day's work was done to sit quietly with me, read some comforting Scripture, and ask the Lord's help and blessing."

June 20, 1920 to Flora Dunphey from Bethany Cottage on Mt. Leicester. "It has been my privilege to spend some time at our Bethany Cottage on Mt. Leicester. I was very tired and worn, so, when Miss Akin returned from furlough, it was decided that I come up here for a rest. I would have returned to Tiama before this but there is to be an important meeting of the missionaries so it seemed advisable for me to wait for that. I would not have been willing to do it if I had not had the work on the Mende Dictionary to keep me busy. I spend hours on it each day, typing and getting it ready for the printer. It is fascinating work and I am thankful that I have had this chance even though it was a forced stay here. This work is about two thirds done and I do some each day. After I get back to my home at Tiama I will not be able to do as much for the work has piled up there."

November 10, 1922 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "How does Ruth like Whittier? I am much interested in her going there."

October 23, 1923 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I received the Journal and Companion you sent and I believe the three of us have read them through. We always rejoice when we see them come. Miss Akin gets the "American" Magazine and the "Scientific American" and Miss Bachman has the "Kings Business" and the Moody Institute paper and S.S. Times and I have the Telescope."

July 22, 1926 to Mabel Kent from Rotifunk. "You remember that I asked you to buy a box of "Portions of Scripture" in Arabic. I have been able to use it very profitably. A prominent Mohammedan came down to Rotifunk from far in the interior. He says that he really does not know why he came but he felt that he should come. He had never been in this part of the country before and knew no one here. He found lodging in a house across the road from the parsonage and soon became acquainted with our pastor. They frequently talked about religious subjects and he soon became much interested in Christianity, of which he knew nothing. Since he can read Arabic, the pastor gave him an Arabic Bible to read and they talk about it in Temne, both understanding that language. When I learned of his interest in the Scriptures, I gave him the "Portions". He has been attending the church services and as the lessons are read in Temne, he follows in the Arabic. We believe that he will become a real Christian."

August 16, 1926 to Mabel Kent from Rotifunk. "It is two months since I left you, a month since I arrived in Africa. I enjoy being here at Rotifunk and hope to be able to really help with the work for the present. You know this was my first home in Sierra Leone. ..... The Mohammedan man, of whom I wrote you, seems to be really a saved man. He is now asking for baptism. He is away for a few days, visiting some friends. Before he left he said he hoped to win them. You remember that Arabic "Portions of Scriptures" that you sent me? It has found it work. This Mohammedan man reads Arabic so this Bible was given to him and he just lives in it. We believe that he will be an out and out Christian. The Holy Spirit's work in his life is very evident."

March 14, 1927 to Ruth from Tiama. "You wrote that you and Carroll were planning to go east. That was the first I had heard of that. If you are starting in May it will be even after you get this. That will be a wonderful trip if you can handle it. I'm not sure that I could but I would be willing to try at least a part of it."

March 20, 1927 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I hope you are definitely planning for that trip to the Grand Canyon. That would be something wonderful, the chance of a lifetime."

December 5, 1927 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I suppose I don't not need to tell you that I have had another birthday. No one thought of it here and I didn't tell anyone so I have thought of it all alone. It sort of scares me to think that I have started on the 60 decade. It sounds so much older but I don't feel old even if I do look old. My hair is quite gray but you would be surprised to see how much thicker it is. There isn't much long hair but it keeps growing and more coming. If only it would be dark. But I suppose we can't have everything."

December 18, 1927 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "While I was lying down yesterday afternoon for a rest, John came in with a whole arm full of mail for me. We had been looking for it all week but had concluded there had been none for us on the last boat so it was a surprise after all. There was a letter from you and your Christmas parcel to me. It didn't take me long to open it even though it was pasted shut so securely. I thank you much for the stockings and Ruth for the handkerchief. I had told Miss Akin I wished some one would send me some stockings so you see they are much appreciated. It was lovely of both of you. I had a letter from Ruth too - also one from Mabel, one from Loula and others. It was a fine mail. ..... I am so glad Mrs. Snell had such a nice shower for Ruth. What Mrs. Snell does, she does well and puts a fine stamp on it. Ruth is surely well supplied for the little one. I wonder if it has already arrived.?"

February 12, 1928 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I am still getting some Christmas cards nearly every mail. The last mail brought the card announcing Ruth's babys arrival. It is two weeks since your Christmas Day letter came. I am so very thankful that she got on so well and that she has a dear little daughter. I surely watched eagerly for news of her arrival. And to think it came on Christmas. That is lovely."

February 26, 1928 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "How is the little new one? I hope I will get a snap of her some of these days. I am so glad things went along as smoothly. I must soon write to Ruth again."

April 27, 1928 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "You wrote about getting a radio. I am glad you did. Even that little one of Mabels was a wonderful help to me while I was a shut in. If we could catch anything from the air here I would have one but we are out of reach of anything yet. Our highest achievement is the little gramophone which still does good service."

May 13, 1928 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "You sent me the pictures of the baby which I am delighted to have. She is a little dear. It is a little difficult to say, from small pictures like those, just who she looks like but I think I could see Spencer in her--something about the forehead and eyes. How I wish I could see her and her family."

May 20, 1928 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "Come and sit down with me in my mud veranda and rest a little at the close of the day. You will see the dispensary just across the street, about 20 feet away and next to it is the new house which has the roof on. If we could only get boards as fast as we need them it would be done in two weeks but it is hard to get them. Mr. Leader got eight boards from the Seneher chief and they had to be carried about 10 miles. Then he went to another town about 20 miles away and got 65 which have

not yet come but we hope some will appear tomorrow. So it goes. We had hoped we could begin to move in about this time but will hope to get in when we come from Freetown in three weeks."

May 27, 1928 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I received the baby's picture which Ruth sent and must write her from Mt. Leicester. I like it very much indeed of both of them and am so glad she sent it."

*August 19, 1928 to Ruth from Tiama. "*That was dear of you to send me a snap shot of the baby. She is growing so fast and how I wish I could see her. What color are her eyes and hair? Who does she look most like? You have your hands full with your work and the care of the baby. I am so glad you have better health than you use to"

September 30, 1928 to Ruth from Tiama. "You wrote me that you were moving to a new place nearer Carroll's work but you did not give me the new address so I will send this to your mother and she can forward it"

November 4, 1928 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I hope Ruth got over her sick spell and got rested up again. How I would love to see you all. The baby won't be a baby when I see her. It doesn't seem possible that she is almost a year old."

February 24, 1929 to Ruth from Tiama. "I wish I could have seen the baby when she was christened. Ruth and her baby! Wouldn't I just love to see you. That was nice to have some Jordan water for the ceremony, something especially nice to remember."

March 3, 1929 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I wish you would send me two pairs of elastic supporters to fasten on my corset. Mine are about gone up. I got some when I was home that are good - got them at one of the department notion counters. They are stamped Hickory - I like them especially as the metal does not rust. Couldn't you just wrap them in the newspapers to send?"

March 10, 1929 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "Night before last the Mohammedans danced all night and paraded up and down with paper lanterns - some sort of a jollification. As soon as the new moon comes they will break their fast of a month (fasting during the day and eating all night). Miss Akin says she thinks this hot weather has been especially hard on them as they do not even drink water during the day. A good many have been coming for medicine for stomach trouble, head aches, etc. So we have been having lots of noise and confusion lately. It is extremely hot most of the day. ..... I expect this has been an eventful week at home - a new president and all the doings. At such a time I especially wish I could see the L.A. Times. Do you remember how I used to say that Father would not be satisfied in heaven without the Times? I wonder how much they know up there of things down here."

May 19, 1929 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I do hope Martha got over the measles without any complications. I look eagerly for the mail to hear about Ruth but probably it is too soon yet to hear. You will all be glad when she gets back from the hospital and the ordeal is over."

June 16, 1929 to Ruth and Ruth's Mother from Tiama. "Congratulations to you for the new baby. I watched for the mail closely to get word of its arrival and I was relieved when I heard from your Mother that all was well. So you now have Mary Ruth. I think that is a very nice name. Mary is one of my favorite names and I like Ruth too. What a nice little family you have. Some of these days I will get to see you all. I anticipate that time with much pleasure."

November 17, 1929 to Flora Dunphey from Dayton, Ohio "Your letter which you sent by air mail came in good time. I sent you a card day before yesterday telling you that I expect to start west on Tuesday the 19th and reach Los Angeles on the 22nd at 5:45 p.m. I am going on the Santa Fe as that seems the best line for me this time. I am going to take some lunch things with me so my food bills will not be so awful. I am traveling in a tourist sleeper. I go to Chicago, Kansas City, across Kansas, the southeast corner of Colorado etc. I do hope we don't get into snow drifts this time."

December 1, 1930 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "Have you heard anything about walnuts from my

Otterbein place? I have never heard a word from there since the day I met Johnson at Puente to sign that paper. By this time last year he had sold all of the walnuts. I don't want to meddle in since those three men were supposed to have oversight of it. Could you quietly ask Mrs. Bell what the situation is?"

February 11, 1931 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I have been so busy all day and will have a busy evening but between times I want to get this letter written so it can go in the morning. There seem so much to be done all the time. Ngevao and I are working on a revision of the Mende Song book. Most of it falls on me and I am so glad I can do it though it does take a lot of time. We are trying to have a few more songs to add to the collection. I have about a dozen already .....Thank you for the rolls of papers you send from time to time - also the rubber rings. They make me feel really luxurious. I can have a new one if I need it!"

April 29, 1931 to Ruth from Tiama. "I can't let this mail go by without writing to you to congratulate you on the arrival of a son. How happy you and Carroll must be to have a little son as well as two fine daughters. Who does he look like? Your mother was so good as to write the very day he was born. I am glad she did for I never feel satisfied until I know the expected one has arrived. She said he is Lewis Spencer. I wonder what you will call him. You surely have your hands full with three babies to care for. What a fine family you have. I am sure your Father and the Snells are very happy and proud to be the grandparents of three such fine children. I see I did not put your Mother's name in that list but I know she is the happiest of all for she understands more."

May 10, 1931 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "But the last mail I had a letter from you, written April 3. There was no mail this week either way. The same mail brought me a good letter from Ruth. She was just ready to go home from the hospital. A letter from aunt said they—Will, Cora and herself—had been to see Ruth at home. She surely got on splendidly ..... I enclose a piece of a shoe lace for low shoes and wish you would get me a pair. These are about 26 inches long. They do not have to be just like these - something similar will do. I thought I had supplied myself but find I had no extra ones for those shoes which I bought in New York. And I would like two pairs of "Hickory" stocking supporters. They are the only kind that the clasps do not rust. The others rust out long before the elastic wears out and I have to pin my stocking to them with safety pins and they spoil the stockings so badly. I have been awfully hard on stockings this time. And I would like a piece of bias binding - blue - also one of red to trim girls' dresses. Don't try to send all of these things at once. You can ship them in the rolls of papers you send. I do thank you for the papers. I read them all. And what do you think Miss Akin does: I don't think she even reads them but she searches through them for cross word puzzles! I am enclosing a dollar for these things. "

May 24, 1931 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I must stop. Love to all from Minnie How is the little grandson?"

May 15, 1933 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "The roll of papers you sent came by the last mail, also a letter from you telling something of the earthquake. You wrote that Mabel had written about the earthquake but your letter is the only one so far that has come telling anything at all about it. I had feared that Ruth and Carroll were in the midst of it - and so they were."

November 12, 1933 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "Not long ago I sent the manuscript to London for eight small Mende Scripture cards. They wrote that they would do them for me for nothing. They also wrote that they would be glad for a contribution to help offset the cost. So I would like to be able to send them something. It is the Scripture Gift Mission. They recently sent me 500 additional cards like those I had printed last year - a gift."

February 18, 1934 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I wonder when Carroll and Ruth will get out to Otterbein. It seems to me that it will be a long way for Carroll to go back and forth to his work. Does he cut across through Montebello or Whittier or some such way? I just looked up the Los Angeles County map and wondered how he would travel and how far it would be. It will surely seem strange to have them out there."

March 18, 1934 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I wonder if Ruth and Carroll are at Otterbein yet. It will be a big change for them. Thank you for the rubber bands you sent. They come in very handy. You might tuck an old razor blade or two in a letter sometime. I am out of them."

February 1, 1935 to Flora Dunphey from Jerusalem. "Your letter of January 6 and 9, together with that of Ruth, came on the 30th. I had been looking for a letter telling of your movements and now your letter comes from Puente, Route l. It was a big change for you to make and I hope that it will mean all that you expected of it. You said the house was old and needed a lot of work on it. I hope you have been able to make it comfortable. I can't quite place it but have a general idea of where it is. You must be quite close to Ruth. Do you both face on the same street? Draw me a diagram, including the church and the road to Pomona and the one to Bishop Bells home and then I will have it straight."

*February 15, 1935 to Flora Dunphey from Jerusalem: "*When I think of the children, I get so anxious to see all for they do grow so fast. And I have never seen Spencer, Cherril and Charlotte Ann.."

March 30, l935 to Flora Dunphey from Jerusalem. "In your letter you tell of joining the church there. I am sure it was the wise thing for you to do and I am so happy to think that Spencer joined too. Now your whole family belong there. It is a wide-awake church and they do things there. And now I am the only one of our family belonging to the First Church and I am an absentee. I wonder that they carry my name for I have not sent any offering these five years, not even to the W.M.A. I should have done so but either could not spare the money or forgot it. There were so many need nearer at hand always."

September 29, 1935 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I did not go to church tonight. I get so tired of hearing their teachers conduct the service. The one this morning was especially tiresome and I told Miss Akin I could not stand another dose tonight. She has gone and probably she will take a sleep or two as she usually does. I punch her sometimes when she gets to nodding too much but she does not like that so sometimes I just let her perform..... They are singing so church is almost out. They are singing a Mende song I translated when I was home so ill before I went to the hospital. I sometimes think that perhaps one of the best bits of work I have done has been to get this Mende song book together."

November 24, 1935 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "The last letter I had from you was dated October 6. In it you sent the clipping about your wedding anniversary. I think that was a very nice thing for them to do and I am glad for you. I return it for you may want to keep it. I always think of the various anniversaries of all as they come along but I am careless about writing about them. I should think of them a month before they are due and write at that time. I am now thinking that Ruth has just had another birthday and you will have one tomorrow. How old will you be? I am not going to write it for I would have to add two years to it for my birthday which is fast approaching and I don't like to think of it. I don't feel old and it is hard to convince myself about my age. So it goes."

January 30, 1936 to Mabel Kent from Tiama. "I am happy to tell you that the order has gone to London to print The Pilgrim's Progress in Mende. The Mende name is Jia-moi Jiei Lilei Guloma. It will be printed by The United Society for Christian Literature. It will cost about $250.00, over half of which has already been given. I will do all I can to help pay for it. The book should be a great help to the people here, just as it has been in so many lands and languages."

February 3, 1936 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "You wrote that Ruth gave you $54.31 on the walnuts. That is splendid and I appreciate it much."

April 6, 1936 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "In one of your letters recently you wrote of a trip out to my place to collect rent and found out that the city may want to buy all that strip from 64 to 68th street, including my property. Of course I would have to let it go and only hope to get as much as possible for it. I have wondered sometimes if I would ever live out there when I go back to stay. I always think of it as Fathers' home and probably that sentiment has influenced me for I have never really lived out there. But the Lord knows what is ahead of me and He will arrange things for me as needed. If the time comes when the city wants that property go ahead and do the best you can. Try to have it sold as income property if possible." (Referring to Parmalee place)

April 19, 1936 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I have finished reading the proof of Pilgrims Progress and will send it to the supt. tomorrow and he will send it on to London. I want to complete a scripture almanac soon, get out a few Temne cards etc."

May 17, 1936 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "Do Ruth's children go to that school where Abbie used to teach?"

June 21, 1936 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I had your letter of May 12th some time back. That was when the children were having chicken pox and swelled glands. I hope it is all cleared up."

August 9, 1936 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I must tell you that this week we received a splendid gift for our home here, the dispensary bungalow. The people of the church at Lebanon, Pa have part of my support, and they were the ones who sent a very good organ and two victrolas. They are not new but all are in splendid condition. They sent a lot of good records too. We are so thankful to have them for we feel starved for good music. There is only one other organ in Tiama, the one in the church. That one was given by the friends of the Los Angeles church to which I belong. It was made especially for the tropics and is still in very good condition. We will eventually put one of the victrolas in our rest cottage up on Mt. Leicester, and with it a good selection of records. Then our people can have some good music when they go up there for a time of rest. We all appreciate these gifts very much."

April 11, 1937 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "We are having a Bible Calendar in Mende printed in London. It contains a verse for each day of the year, also several parables. An advance payment has been made and I will continue to pay as the Lord provides. The amount needed for printing "The Pilgrims Progress" in Mende has been provided for. There seems to be quite a demand for it. It has been a great joy to help make these translations and they should be very helpful."

April 18, 1937 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I have been hunting for a cool place but none is to be found, so I have started to do some writing any way and have a towel handy to wipe the perspiration from my hands and face more or less frequently. I just now saw Miss Akin wiping her arms and hands with a wash cloth so she too is sweating and that is unusual for her. . . . . .One of the school girls brought us a chicken for a present. I had promised to pay her school fees for the year and give her a dress once in a while so she brought us a present. We appreciate a bit of meat for we have had almost none this year. We try to keep tinned meats on hand but they are scarce and expensive. Just now we are getting a little fruit, a few avocado pears, bread, fruit, a pineapple once in a while, a few bananas occasionally, but we always have something so we are thankful."

May 16, 1937 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I forgot to say in my last letter that the missionary broadcast was heard plainly in Freetown about 2 a.m. Mr. Musselman went up to the Academy to hear it for they have a good radio there. He said there were greetings to me from you. It does seem a wonderful thing. I wish we had a radio here. Silver has one at Rotifunk, given by people in the states.....Your letter of April 5 was the last I have had. You wrote of Esther's home being struck by lightning. That was a hard experience. It seems strange to have it happen in Southern California. I am truly thankful that we have escaped and we do have such awful storms. Sometimes the house seems to fairly shake with the rolling of the thunder and the lightning is terrifying."

August 9, 1937 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "I am expecting to receive from London the printing they have been doing for me of a Mende Scripture Calendar. It may come this week. I am anxious to have some printing done at the Academy but they are frightfully slow there, depending upon uninterested students' labor. So it goes."

September 26, 1937 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama: "You wrote that little Spencer would be starting to school this fall. I can't quite realize that. You know I have never seen him."

November 8, 1937 to Flora Dunphey from Tiama. "Our routine work was interrupted yesterday by a super abundance of company in the shape of driver ants! There were millions around our place all day and night. They kept coming into the house although we tried to discourage them all we could. I did not know what the night would bring forth, whether we would have any sleep or not. There have been times when they practically drove us out of the house. One night when there were so many and we were so tired, we put pans of water and kerosene under the bed legs and then jumped into bed, being careful to see that we did not take any with us!"

Notes Martha Made About Aunt Minnie and the Mission Field

Government built a railroad and reached Moyamba in 1902.

Before there was a train to Moyamba it was
A two days journey from Freetown to Rotifunk
Rotifunk to Moyamba a days walk - 20 miles
Moyamba to Tiama - 30 miles
Tiama to Mono - 5 hour walk

Aunt Minnie returned to Africa for her third term accompanied by Miss Angie Akin. They sailed November 30, 1904 from America. In 1905 the Conference placed Aunt Minnie in charge of the station and Miss Angie Akin in charge of the school at Tiama. In 1906 a church was organized with six members. A branch dispensary was opened in 1908. Aunt Minnie saw the work at Tiama brought to better organization.

Whenever missionaries came to Tiama, they might stay with Aunt Minnie or lodge some place else but Aunt Minnie always cooked for them.

The missionaries would attend the African Conference in January in Freetown each year.

Aunt Minnie did lots of plain sewing - underwear, dresses, infant clothes, table covers, pillow cases and quilt patches.

The school for Women that Aunt Minnie organized lasted a month.

It was a two mile walk to the farm where the Boarding School boys worked.

Aunt Minnie created a Calendar with a scripture verse for each day of the year for 1936. Each month was a different subject like January was “Praise” and February was “Prayer”.

Aunt Minnie cared for children in her home. She raised one girl, Mary, from a small baby. John also lived with her many years.

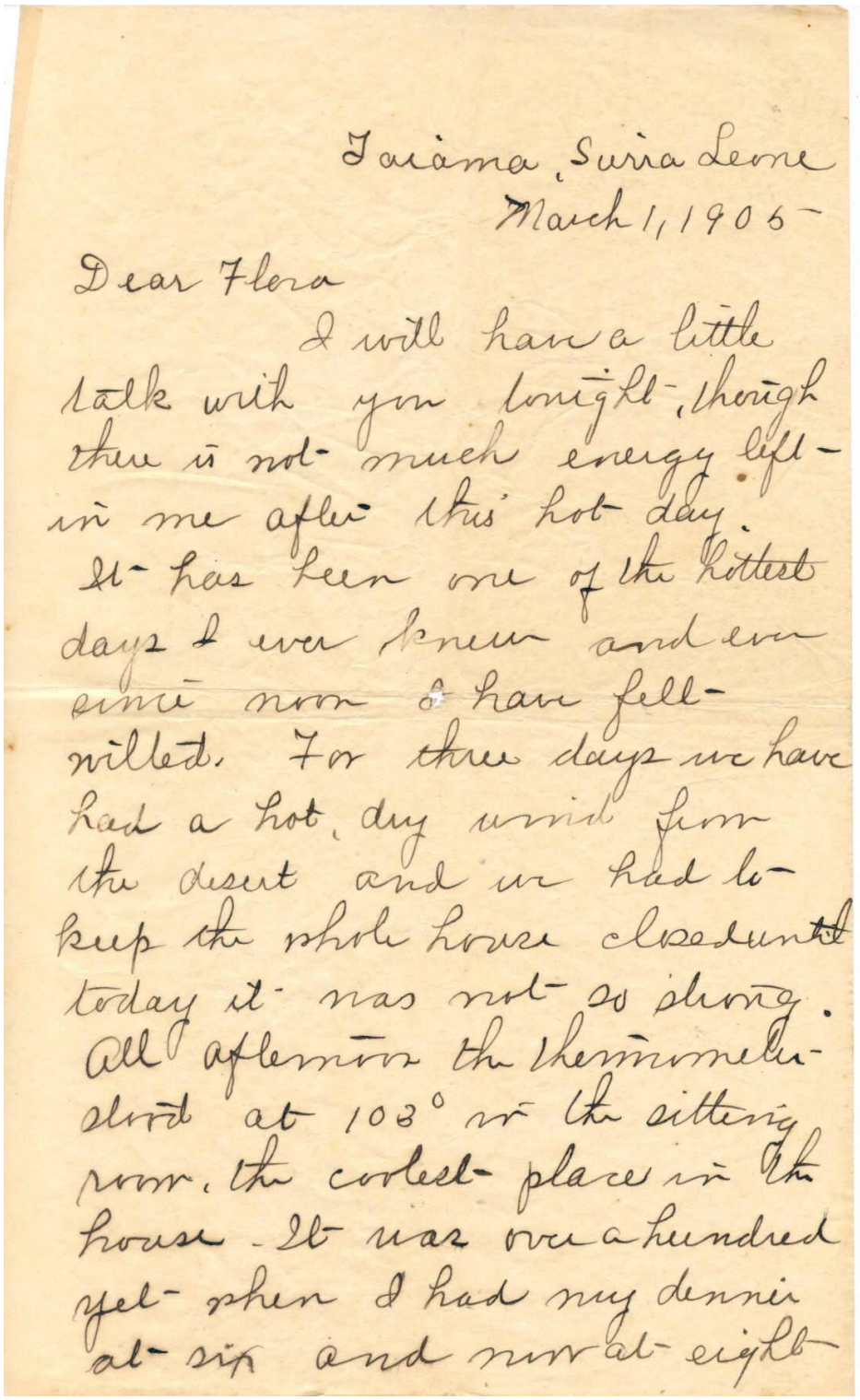
Aunt Minnie would go into the various parts of town to hold meetings and also did considerable work in the bundu bush-holding classes in several center. This was “seed sowing where some of the seed might fall on good ground.”

1936 - The Pilgrim’s Progress in Mende sent to London to be printed. Taught girls Sunday School Class.
Left Tiama, Saturday April 23rd and Freetown April 27th for the last time.

Among the many things that Aunt Minnie did - -
Visited among the people in town.
Translation of scripture into Mende
Wrote a Mende dictionary
Prepared an abridged edition of the “Pilgrim’s Progress” into Mende (with the help of the natives)
Had printed scripture cards with pictures
Sewing for herself
Sewing for others
Played games
Took children fishing
Itinerating work - visiting of the out-stations
Building a church
Putting up buildings
Making plantations of forest trees
Making and keeping a home
Money out of her own pocket to help with schooling/books
Help with making soap
Worked in the dispensary
Supervised the farm the boys at the Boarding School worked at.
Baked bread on a wood stove to share
Held many meetings for women in the church and the bundu bush
Helped various people as they needed help
Months spent in the school room
Planned and held a month long “Training School for Women” in September

Letters written by Minnie Eaton

Tiama, March 1, 1905, Page 1



Tiama, Sierra Leone
March 1, 1905

Dear Flora

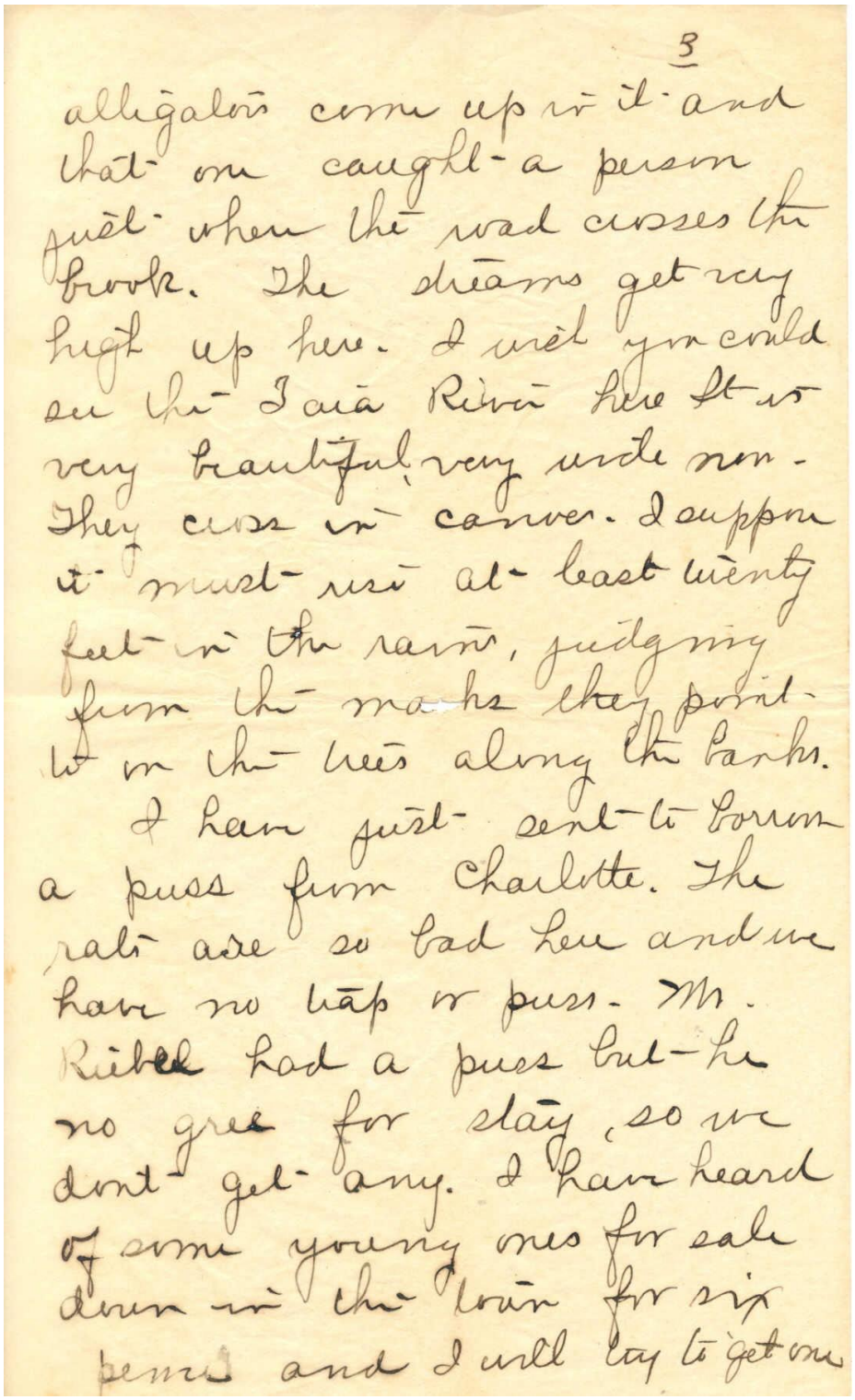
I will have a little talk with you tonight, though there is not much energy left in me after this hot day. It has been one of the hottest days I ever knew and ever since noon I have felt-willed. For three days we have had a hot, dry wind from the desert and we had to keep the whole house closed until today it was not so strong. All afternoon the thermometer stood at 103° in the sitting room, the coolest place in the house. It was over a hundred yet when I had my dinner at six and now at eight-

2

it is about ninety. I have not been minding the heat much until today and I must confess that I haint done much since noon. But the nights are always comfortable so we can get good rest.

This is the hottest time of the year and also the dryest time.

Our house here has high bush on three sides and that makes it warmer too. I have been having Vamby clear out the underbrush back of the house as far as the brook, about as far as from your house to Seventh Street. There is no water in that part of the brook now but in the rainy it becomes a torrent. Charlotte Dickey was telling me that



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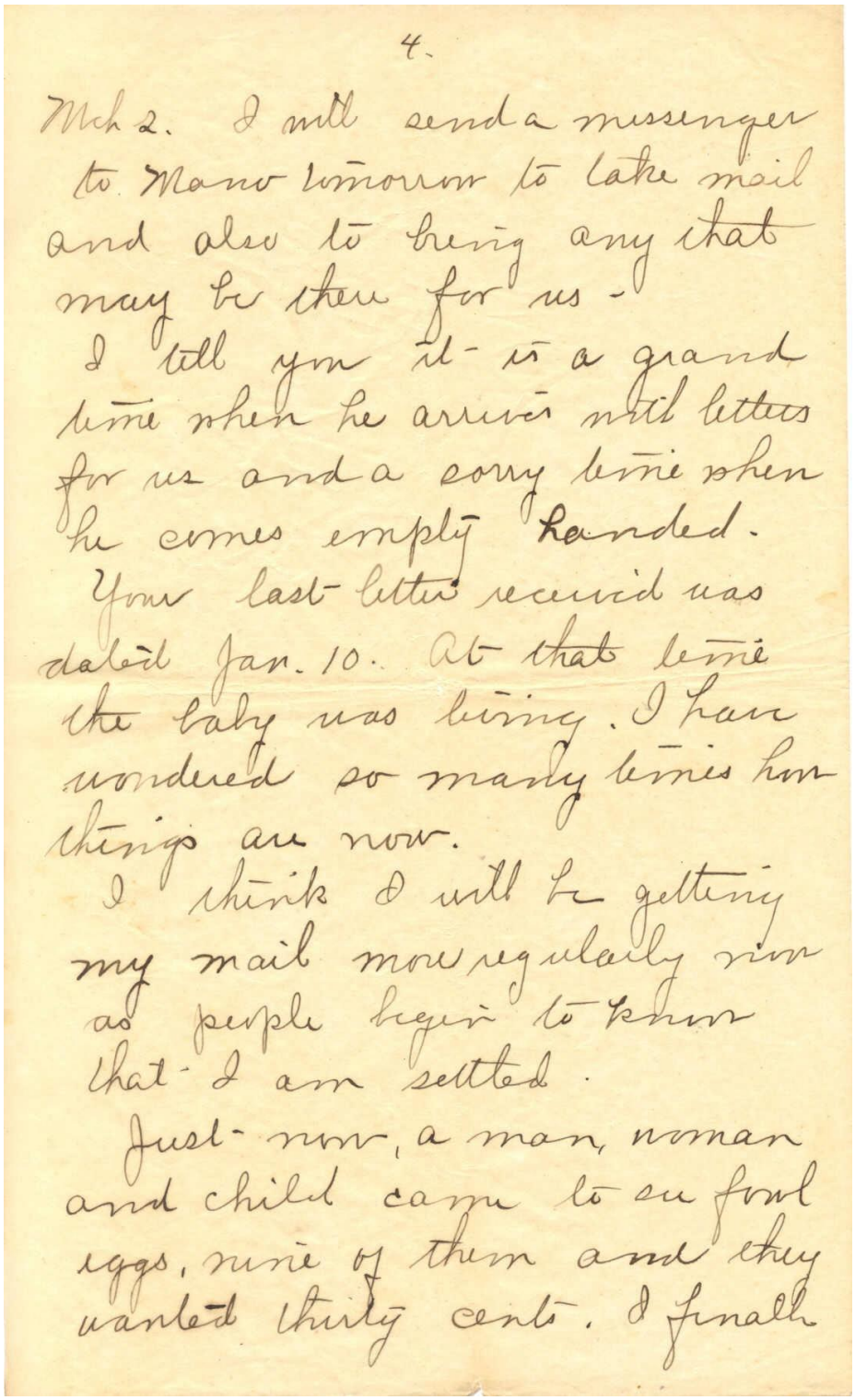
alligators come up in it and that one caught a person just when the road crosses the brook. The streams get very high up here. I wish you could see the Iaia River here it is very beautiful very wide now. They cross in canoes. I suppose it must rise at least twenty feet in the rains, judging from the marks they point to on the trees along the banks.

I have just sent to Lorum a puss from Charlotte. The rats are so bad here and we have no trap or puss. Mr. Riebe had a puss but he no good for slay, so we don't get any. I have heard of some young ones for sale down in the town for six pence and I will try to get one



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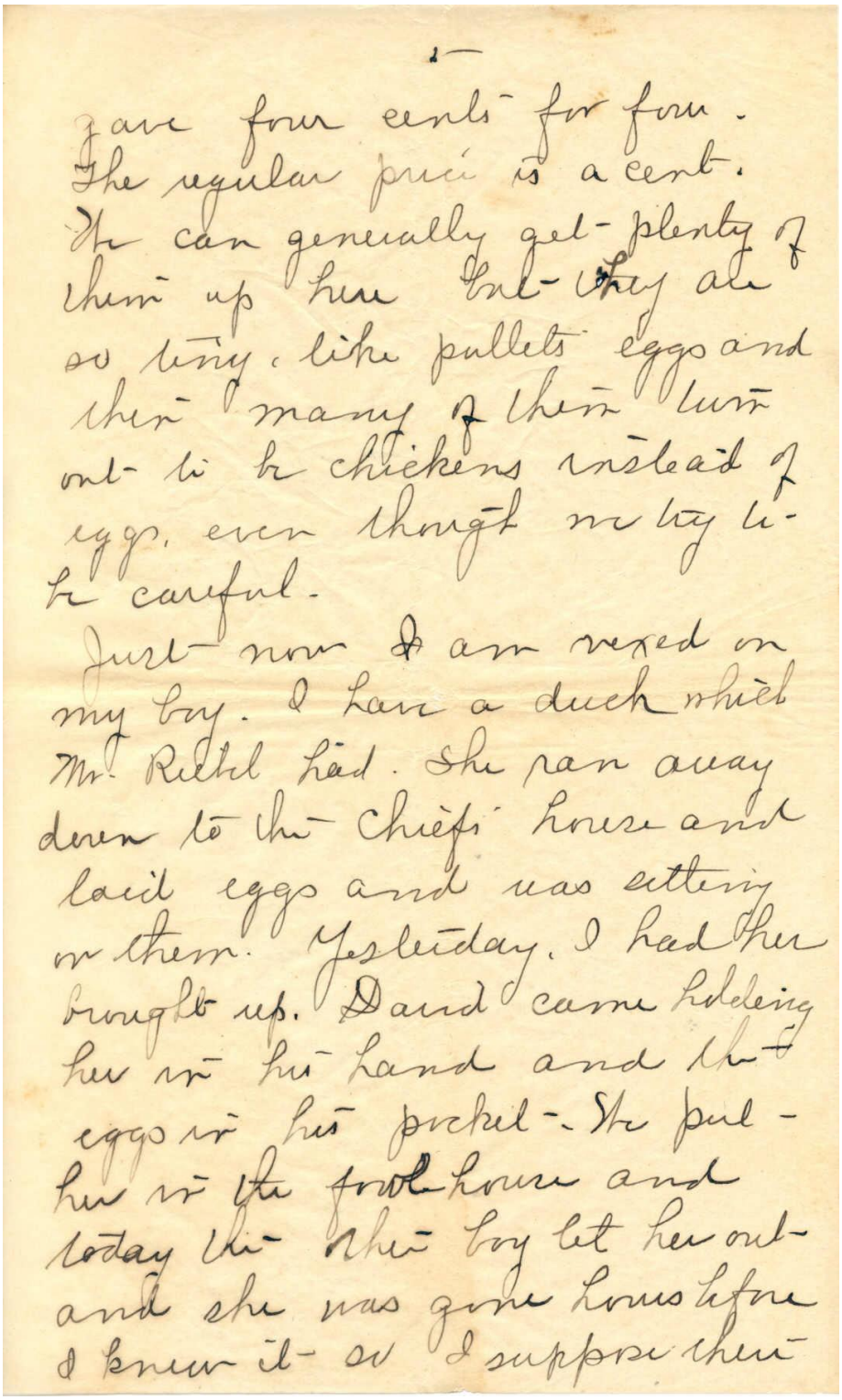
Mch 2. I will send a messenger to Mano tomorrow to take mail and also to bring any that may be there for us.

I tell you it is a grand time when he arrives with letters for us and a sorry time when he comes empty handed.

Your last letter received was dated Jan. 10. At that time the baby was living. I have wondered so many times how things are now.

I think I will be getting my mail more regularly now as people begin to know that I am settled.

Just now, a man, woman and child came to us for eggs. nine of them and they wanted thirty cents. I finally



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gave four cents for four. The regular price is a cent. We can generally get plenty of them up here but they are so tiny, like pullets eggs and then many of them turn out to be chickens instead of eggs, even though we try to be careful.

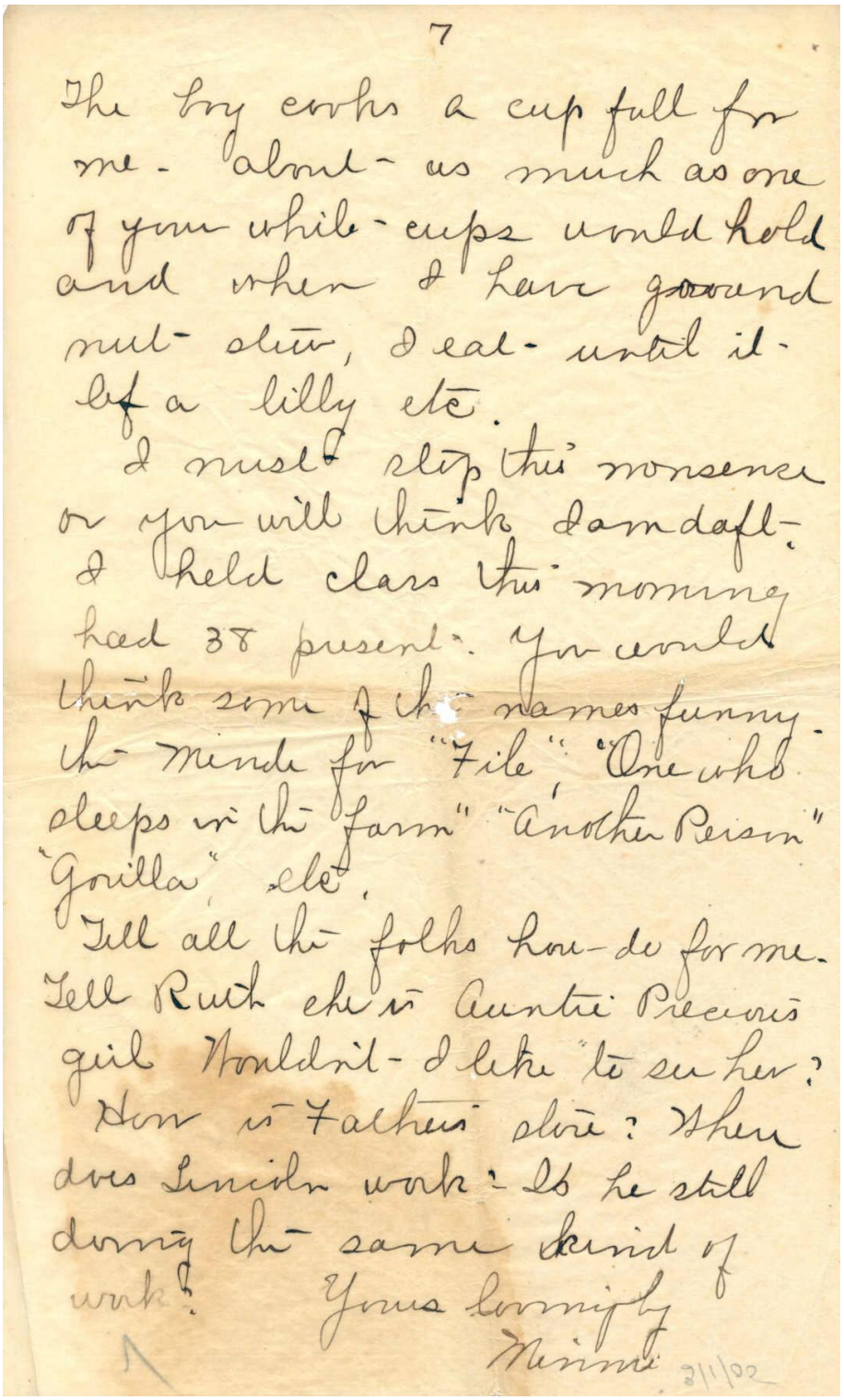
Just now I am vexed on my boy. I have a duck which Mr. Rebel had. She ran away down to the Chiefs house and laid eggs and was sitting on them. Yesterday, I had her brought up. David came bringing her in his hand and the eggs in his pocket. She put her in the fowl house and today the new boy let her out and she was gone hours before I knew it or I suppose then

6

will be no ducklings - I don't like ducks anyway and never would buy one - But - it is a rule here for new missionaries to a place to buy the salaties of the one who goes -

I have bought - nine or ten chickens - some for 24 cts and some for 18¢ As I get a start I will never pay over 18¢.

I have had porcupine and deer meat this week, the first fresh meat for nearly a month. The porcupine was not good as they had smoked it - hide hair and all. I tried to eat some stew cooked with it :(a sort of Hobson's choice) but could not. The venison is very nice, will have some for my dinner. You would laugh at my breakfast, rice & stew



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The boy cooks a cup full for me - about - as much as one of your while - cups would hold and when I have gotround mud - slew, I eat - until it - bf a lilly etc.

I must stop this nonsence or you will think I am daft. I held class this morning had 38 present. You would think some of the names funny. The Minds for "File": "One who sleeps in the farm" "Another Person" "Gorilla" etc.

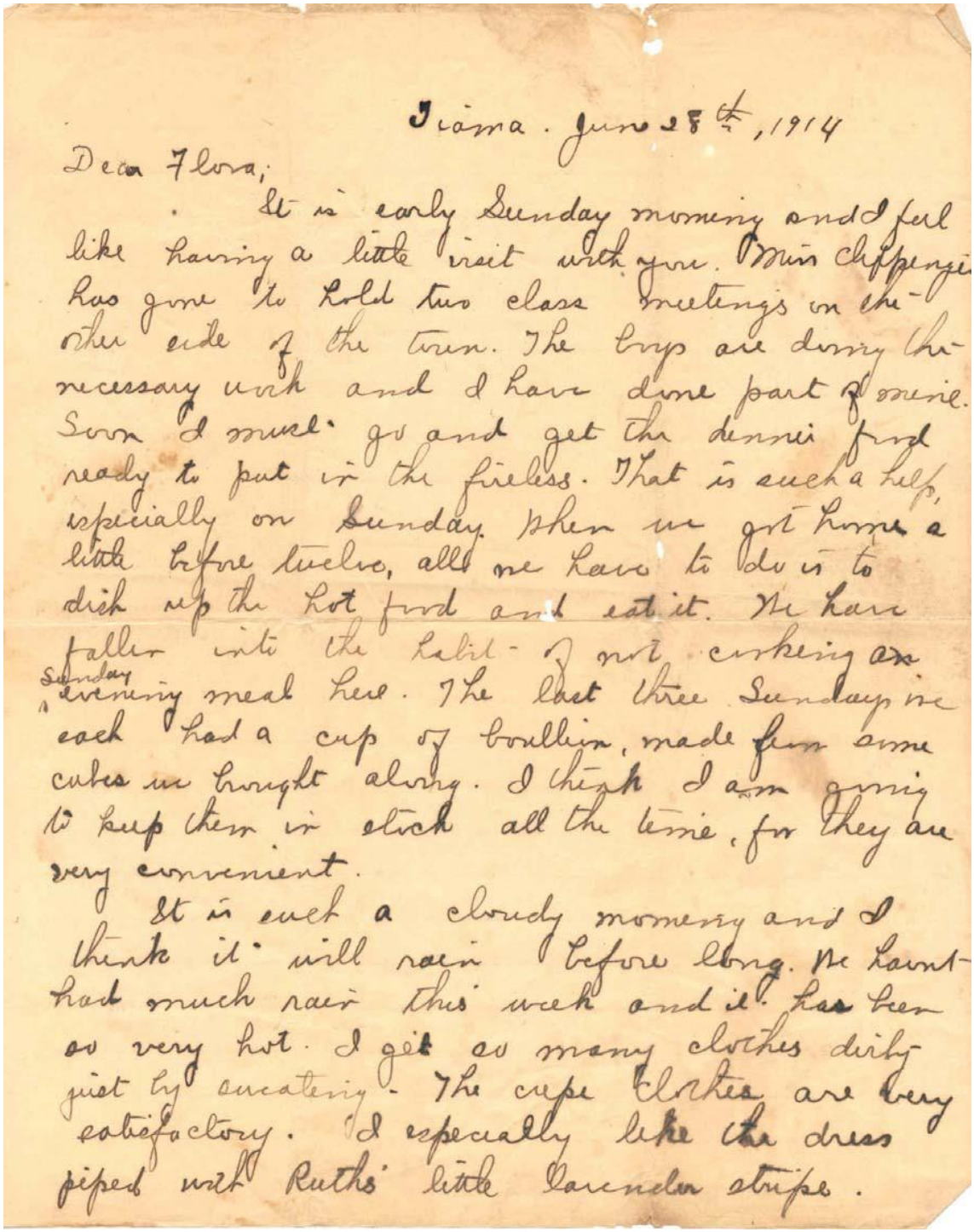
Tell all the folks how-do for me. Tell Ruth she is Auntie Precious girl Wouldn't I like to see her?

How is Fathers shoe? When does Lincoln work? Is he still doing the same kind of work?

Yours lovingly

Minnie 3/1/02

Tiama, June 28, 1914, Page 1

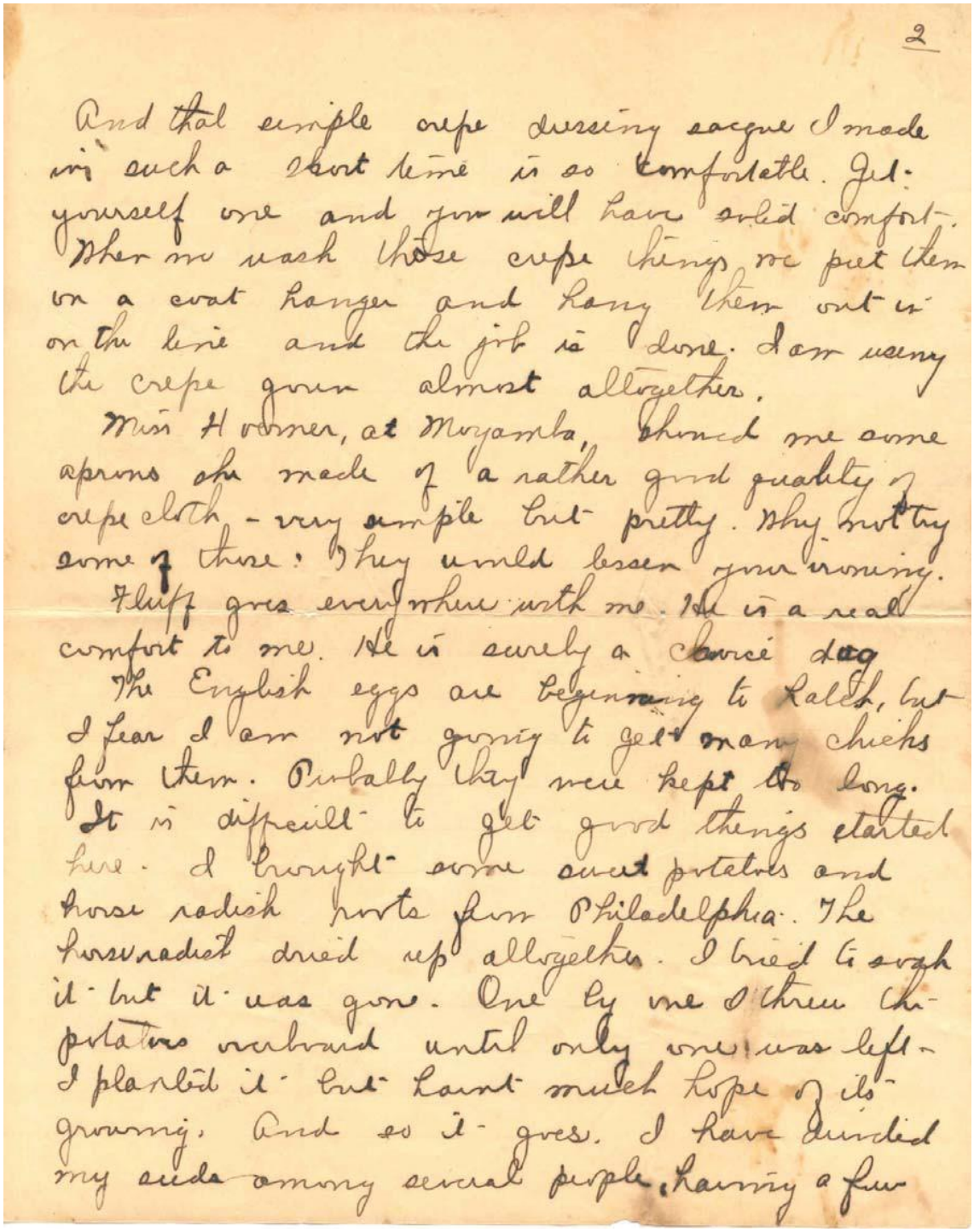


Tiama. June 28th, 1914

Dear Flora;

It is early Sunday morning and I feel like having a little visit with you. Miss Chipperfield has gone to hold two class meetings on the other side of the town. The boys are doing the necessary work and I have done part of mine. Soon I must go and get the dinner fixed ready to put in the fireless. That is such a help, especially on Sunday. When we get home a little before twelve, all we have to do is to dish up the hot food and eat it. We have fallen into the habit of not cooking an evening meal here. The last three Sunday noons each had a cup of bouillon, made from some cubes we brought along. I think I am going to keep them in stock all the time, for they are very convenient.

It is such a cloudy morning and I think it will rain before long. We haven't had much rain this week and it has been so very hot. I get so many clothes dirty just by sweating. The crepe clothes are very satisfactory. I especially like the dress piped with Ruth's little lavender stripes.



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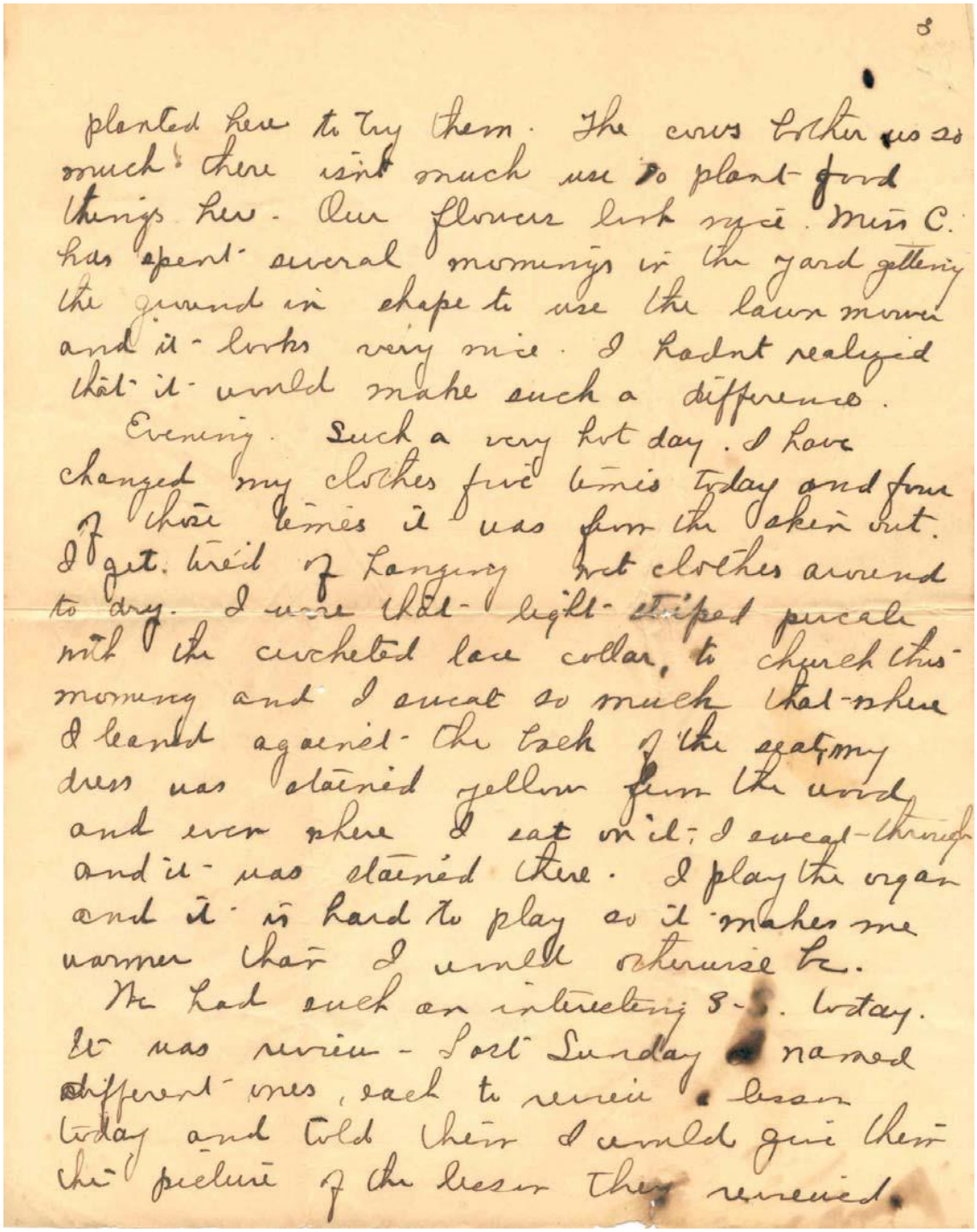
And that simple crepe dressing sacque I made in such a short time is so comfortable. Get yourself one and you will have solid comfort. When we wash those crepe things we put them on a coat hanger and hang them out in on the line and the job is done. I am using the crepe gown almost altogether.

Miss Hosmer, at Moyamba, showed me some aprons she made of a rather good quality of crepe cloth - very simple but pretty. Why not try some of these? They would lessen your ironing.

Fluff goes everywhere with me. He is a real comfort to me. He is surely a clever dog

The English eggs are beginning to hatch, but I fear I am not going to get many chicks from them. Probably they were kept too long. It is difficult to get good things started here. I brought some sweet potatoes and those radish roots from Philadelphia. The horseradish dried up altogether. I tried to graft it but it was gone. One by one I threw the potatoes overboard until only one was left - I planted it but I can't much hope of its growing. And so it goes. I have divided my seeds among several people, having a few



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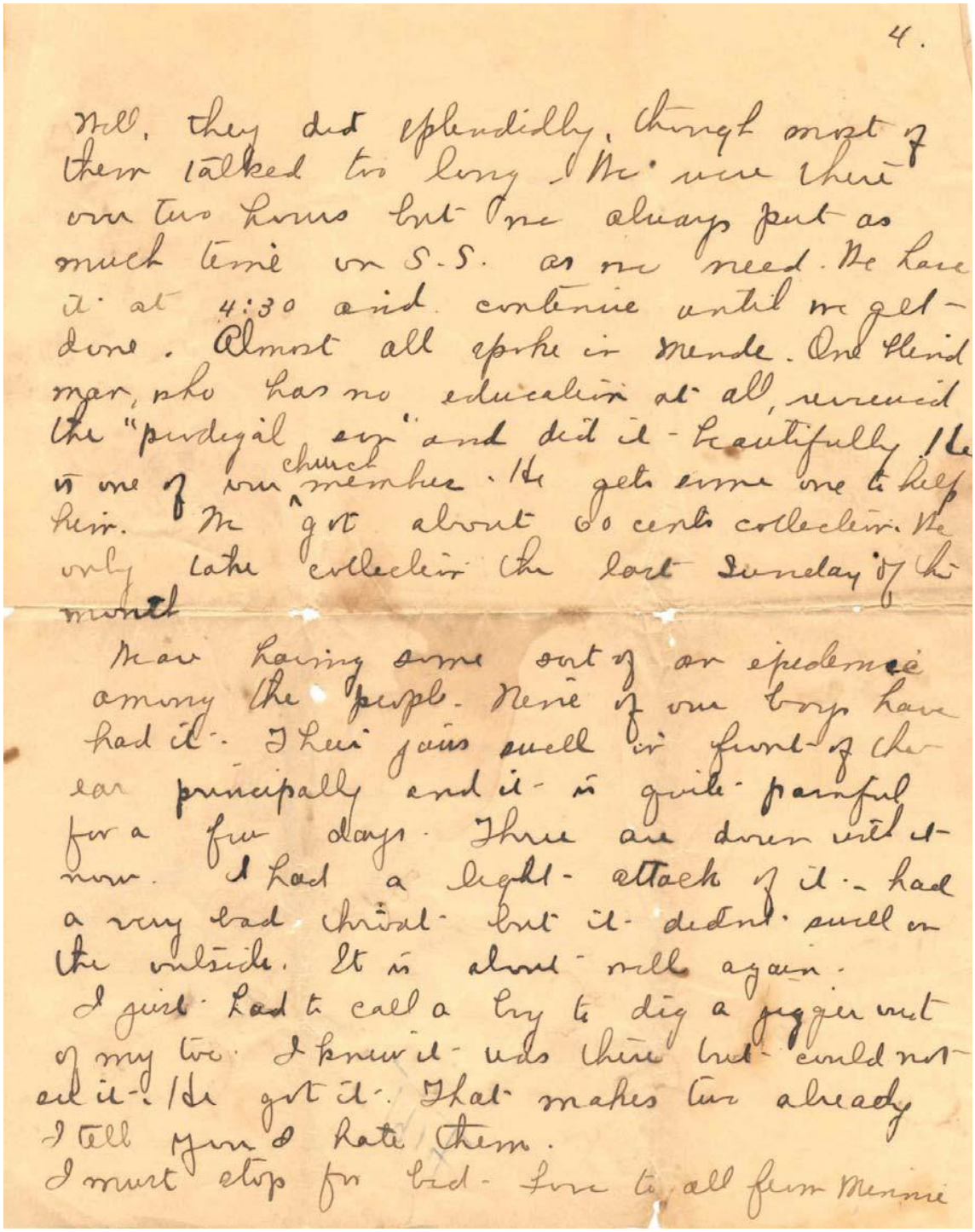
planted here to try them. The cows bother us so much there isn't much use to plant- good things here. Our flowers look nice. Miss C. has spent several mornings in the yard getting the ground in shape to use the lawn mower and it looks very nice. I hadn't realized that it would make such a difference.

Evening. Such a very hot day. I have changed my clothes five times today and four of those times it was from the skin out. I get tired of hanging wet clothes around to dry. I wore that light striped percale with the crocheted lace collar, to church this morning and I sweat so much that where I leaned against the back of the seat my dress was stained yellow from the wood and ever where I sat on it; I sweat through and it was stained there. I play the organ and it is hard to play so it makes me warmer than I would otherwise be.

We had such an interesting S.S. today. It was review - Last Sunday I named different ones, each to review a lesson today and told them I would give them the picture of the lesson they reviewed.



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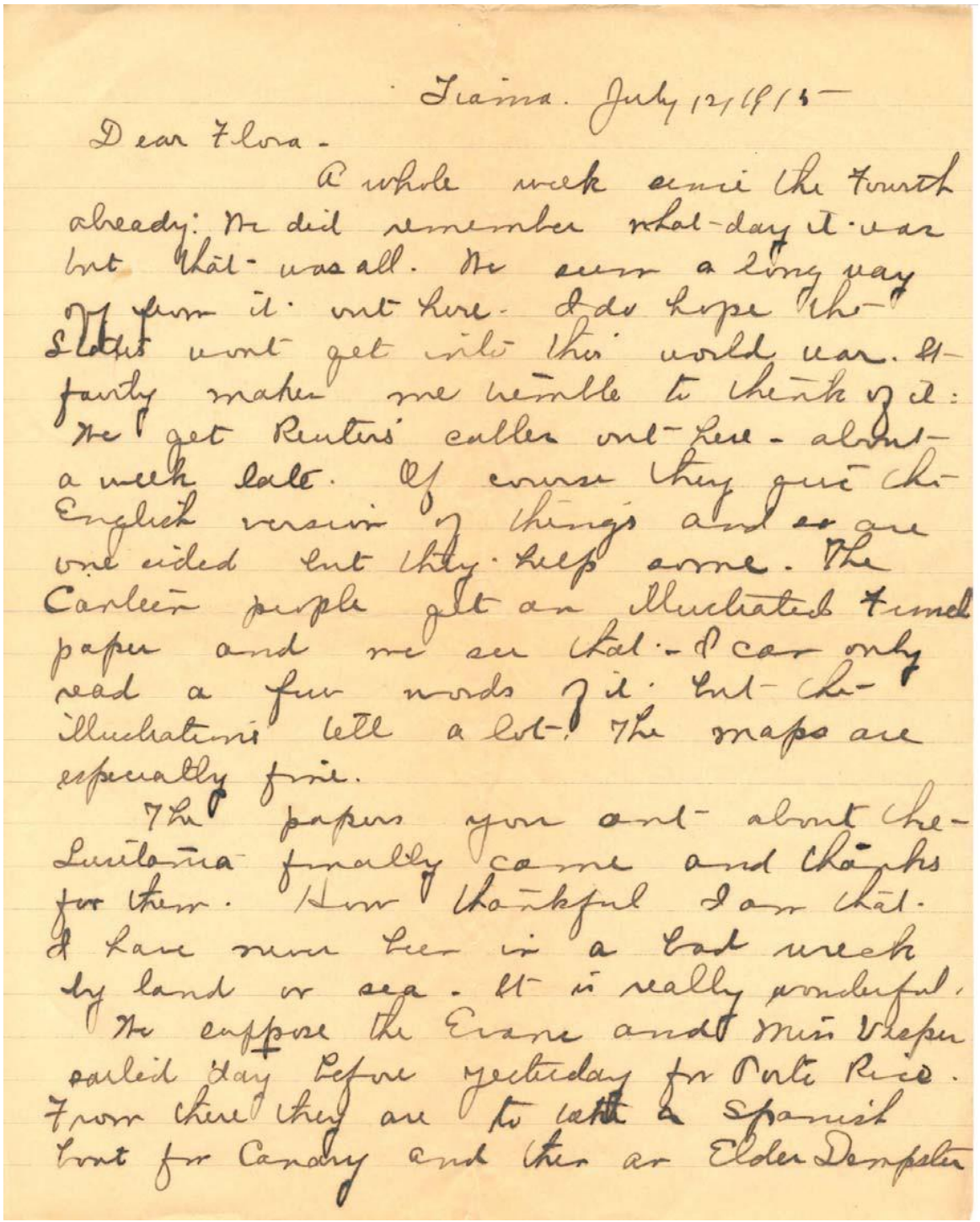
Well, they did splendidly, though most of them talked too long. We were there over two hours but one always puts as much time on S.S. as one need. We have it at 4:30 and continue until we get done. Almost all spoke in Mende. One blind man, who has no education at all, rendered the "prodigal son" and did it beautifully. He is one of our church members. He gets some one to help him. We got about 60 cents collection. We only take collection the last Sunday of the month.

We are having some sort of an epidemic among the people. Nearly all our boys have had it. It gets into all in front of the ear principally and it is quite painful for a few days. Three are down with it now. I had a light attack of it. had a very bad throat but it didn't swell on the outside. It is about well again.

I just had to call a boy to dig a jigger out of my toe. I knew it was there but could not get it. He got it. That makes ten already I tell you I hate them.

I must stop for bed. Love to all from Minnie

Tiama, July 12, 1915, Page 1



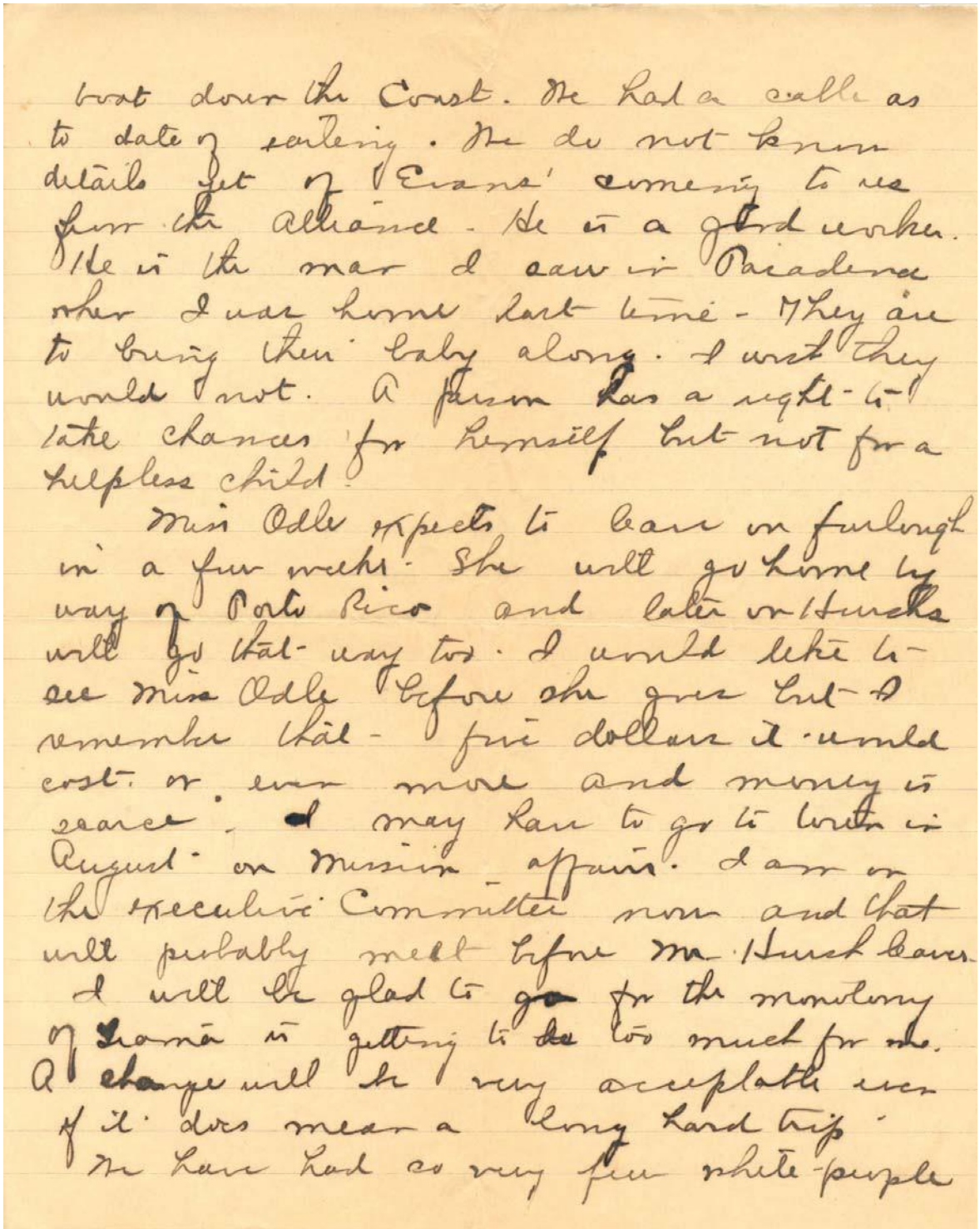
Tiama. July 12/1915

Dear Flora.

A whole week since the Fourth already. We did remember what day it was but that was all. We were a long way from it. not sure. I do hope the States wont get into this world war. It fairly makes me tremble to think of it. We get Reuters' cables out here - about a week late. Of course they give the English version of things and so are one sided but they help some. The Carleen people get an Illustrated Times paper and we see that. I can only read a few words of it. but the illustrations tell a lot. The maps are especially fine.

The papers you sent about the Louisiana finally came and thanks for them. How thankful I am that. I have never been in a bad wreck by land or sea. It is really wonderful.

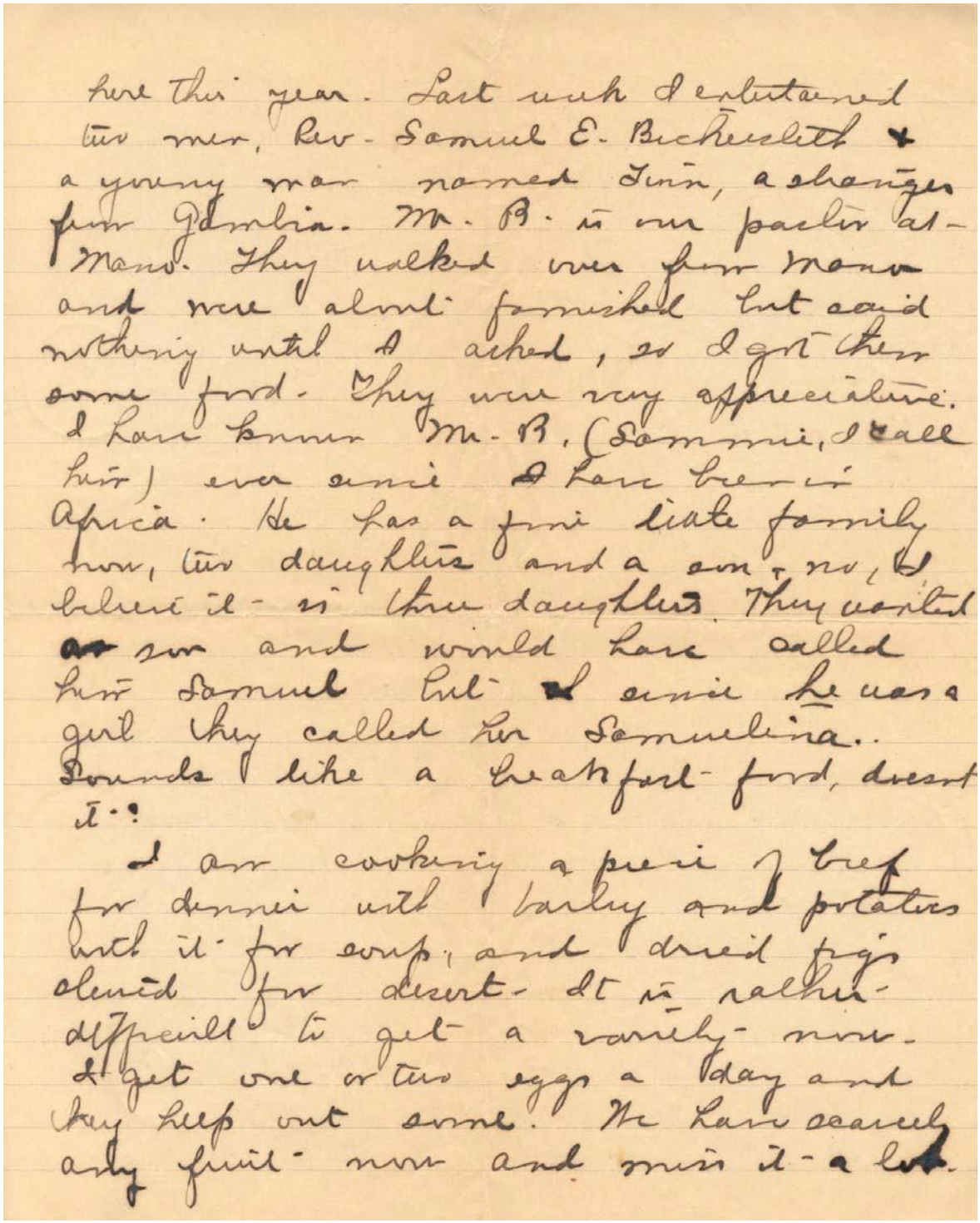
We suppose the Evans and Miss Thayer sailed day before yesterday for Porto Rico. From there they are to take a Spanish boat for Canary and then on Elder Dempster



boat down the Coast. He had a call as to date of sailing. He do not know details yet of Evans' coming to us from the Alliance. He is a good worker. He is the man I saw in Pasadena when I was home last time. They are to bring their baby along. I wish they would not. A person has a right to take chances for herself but not for a helpless child.

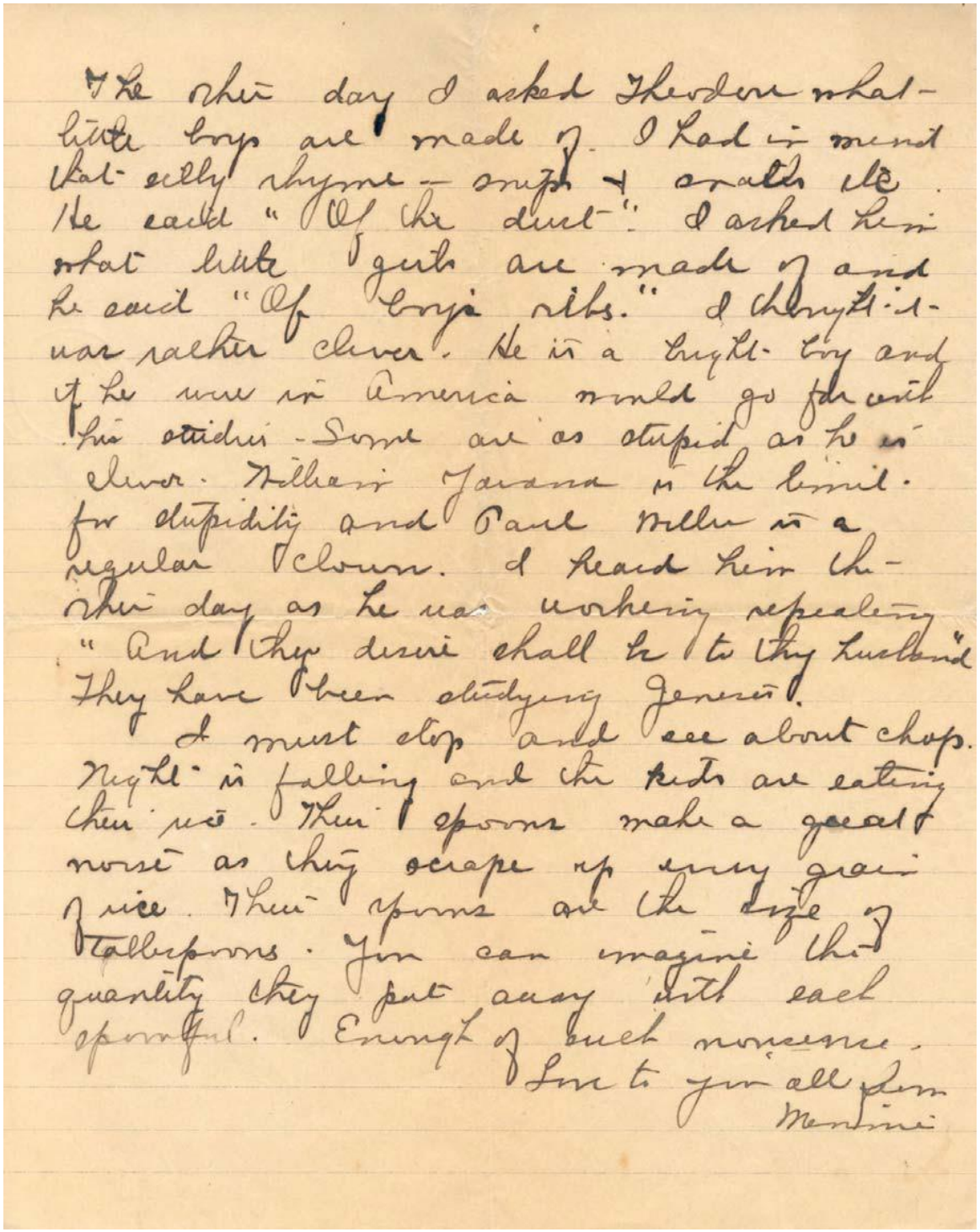
Miss Odle expects to have on furlough in a few weeks. She will go home by way of Porto Rico and later on Hucks will go that way too. I would like to see Miss Odle before she goes but I remember that five dollars it would cost or even more and money is scarce. I may have to go to Boston in August on mission affairs. I am on the Executive Committee now and that will probably meet before me. Huck leaves. I will be glad to go for the monotony of Tiama is getting to be too much for me. A change will be very acceptable even if it does mean a long hard trip.

We have had so very few white people



here this year. Last week I entertained two men, Rev. Samuel E. Beckerleth & a young man named Linn, a stranger from Gambia. Mr. B. is our pastor at Mano. They walked over from Mano and were almost famished but said nothing until I asked, as I got them some food. They were very appreciative. I have known Mr. B. (Sammie, I call him) ever since I have been in Africa. He has a fine little family now, two daughters and a son, no, I believe it is three daughters. They wanted a son and would have called him Samuel but since he was a girl they called her Samuelina.. Sounds like a breakfast food, doesn't it.?

I am cooking a piece of beef for dinner with barley and potatoes with it for soup, and dried figs stewed for desert. It is rather difficult to get a variety now. I get one or two eggs a day and they help out some. We have scarcely any fruit now and miss it a lot.

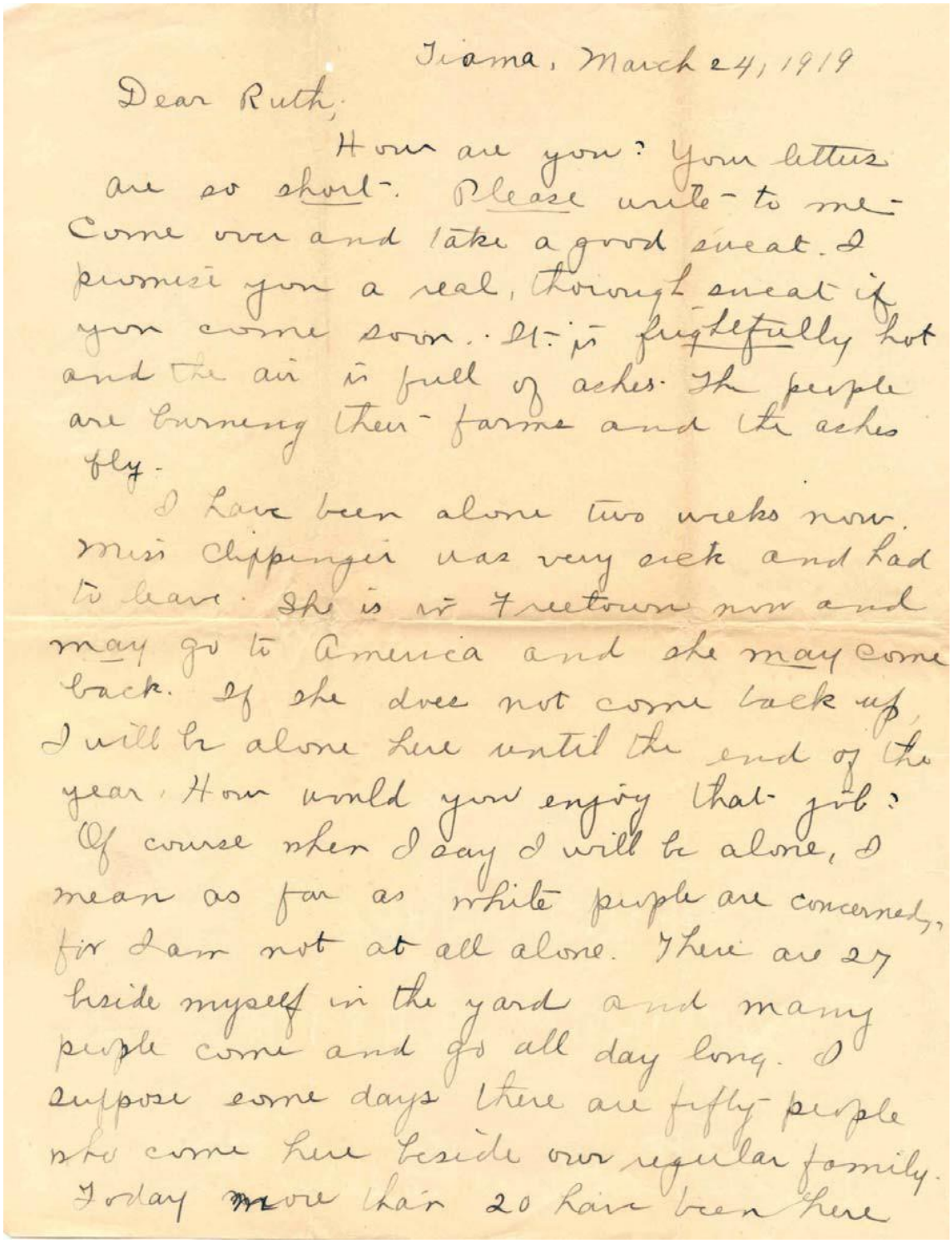


The other day I asked Theodore what little boys are made of. I had in mind that silly rhyme — snips + snails etc. He said "Of the dust". I asked him what little girls are made of and he said "Of boys ribs." I thought it was rather clever. He is a bright boy and if he was in America would go far with his studies. Some are as stupid as he is clever. Wilbur Jarman is the limit for stupidity and Paul Miller is a regular clown. I heard him the other day as he was working repeating "And they desire shall be to thy husband" They have been studying Genesis.

I must stop and see about chops. Night is falling and the rats are eating their rice. Their spoons make a great noise as they scrape up every grain of rice. Their spoons are the size of tablespoons. You can imagine the quantity they put away with each spoonful. Enough of such nonsense.

Love to you all from
Minnie

Tiama, March 24, 1919, Page 1



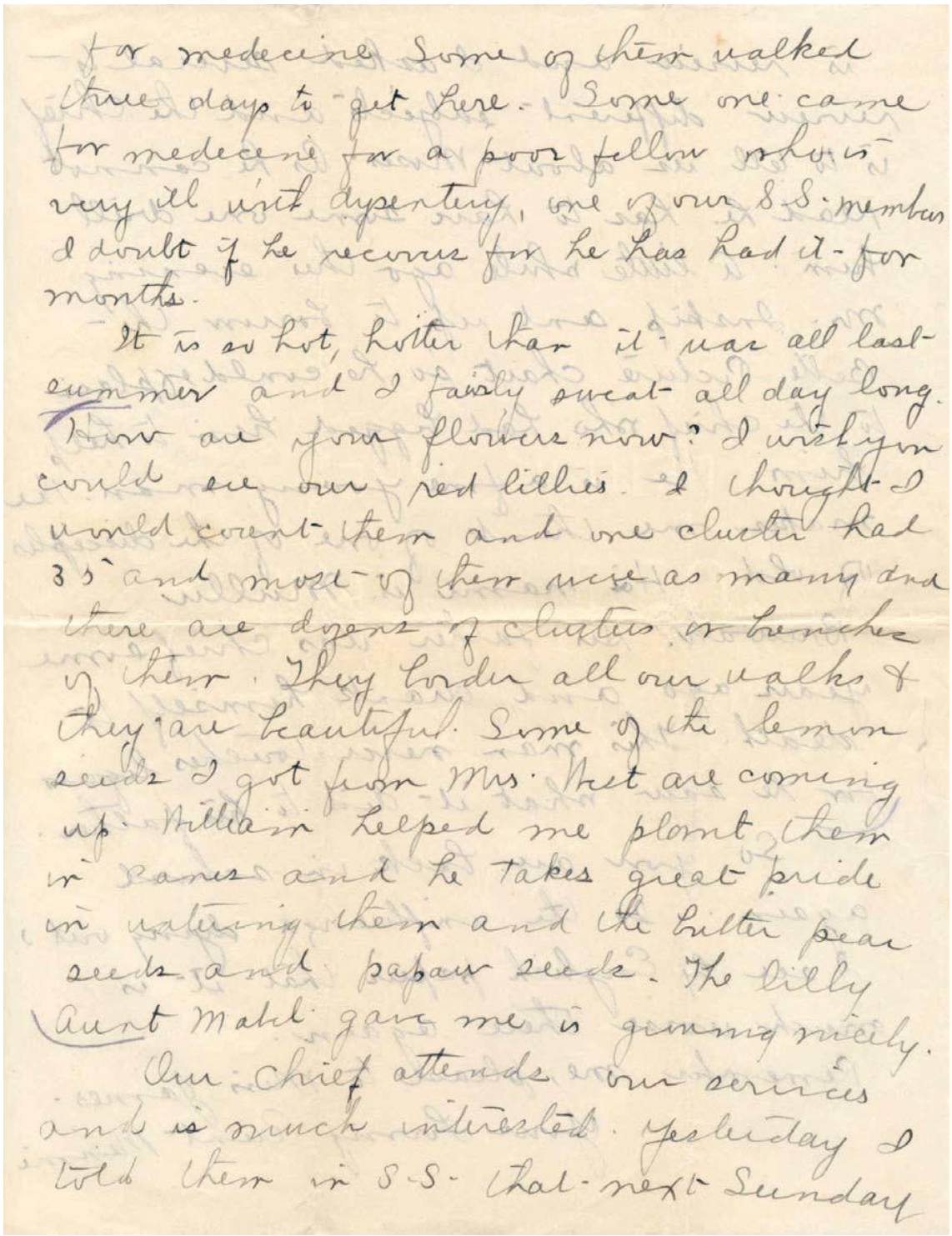
Tiama, March 24, 1919

Dear Ruth,

How are you? Your letters are so short. Please write to me. Come over and take a good sweat. I promise you a real, thorough sweat if you come soon. It is frightfully hot and the air is full of ashes. The people are burning their farms and the ashes fly.

I have been alone two weeks now. Miss Chipinger was very sick and had to leave. She is in Freetown now and may go to America and she may come back. If she does not come back up, I will be alone here until the end of the year. How would you enjoy that job?

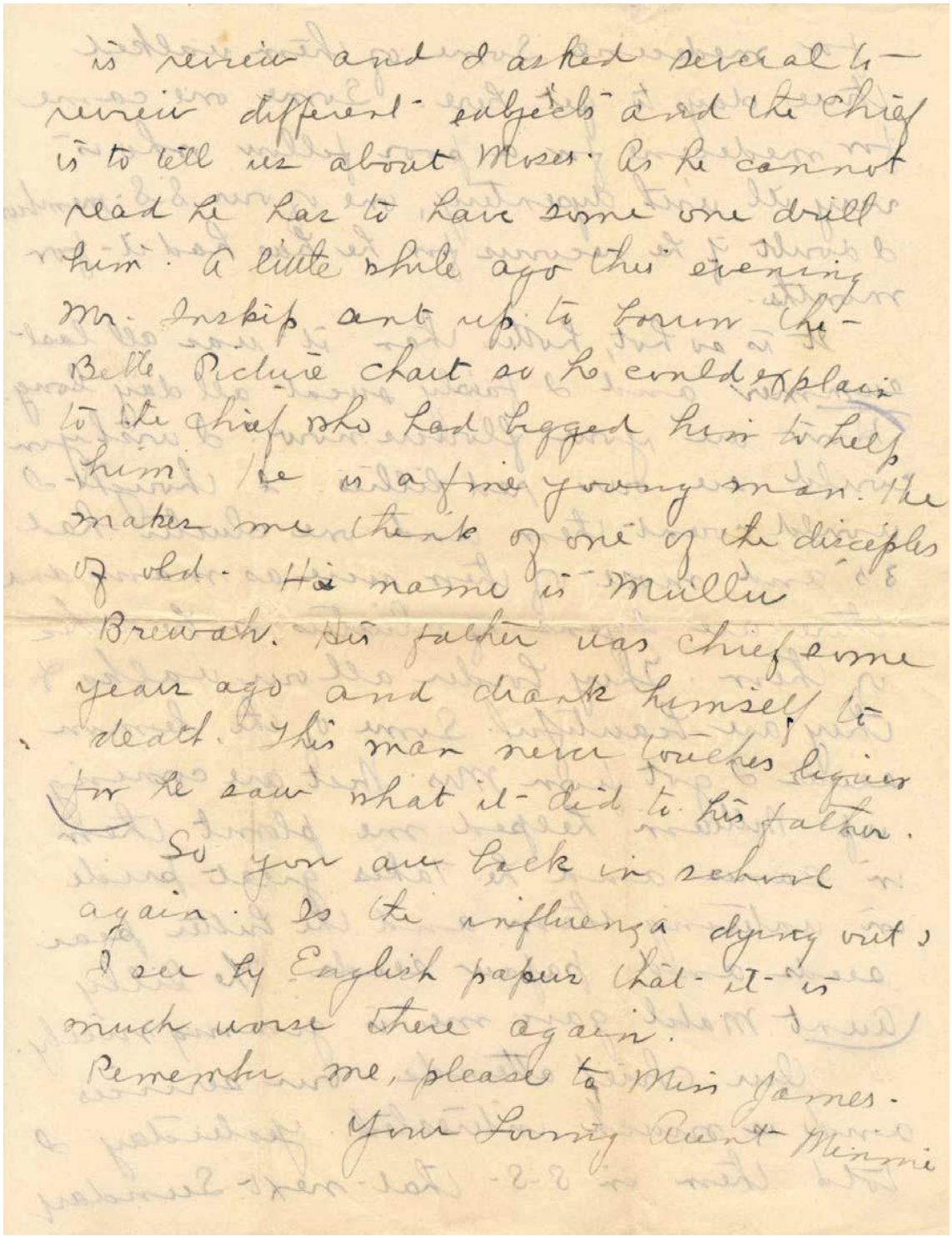
Of course when I say I will be alone, I mean as far as white people are concerned, for I am not at all alone. There are 27 beside myself in the yard and many people come and go all day long. I suppose some days there are fifty people who come here beside our regular family. Today more than 20 have been here



for medecine Some of them walked three days to get here. Some one came for medecine for a poor fellow who is very ill with dysentery, one of our S.S. members I doubt if he recovers for he has had it for months.

It is so hot, hotter than it was all last summer and I fairly sweat all day long. How are your flowers now? I wish you could see our red lillies. I thought I would count them and one cluster had 35 and most of them use as many and there are dozens of clusters or bunches of them. They border all our walks & they are beautiful. Some of the lemon seeds I got from Mrs. Nut are coming up. Willie Leiper helped me plant them in cans and he takes great pride in watering them and the Lutter pear seeds and papaw seeds. The lilly Aunt Mabel gave me is growing nicely.

Our Chief attends our services and is much interested. Yesterday I told them in S.S. that next Sunday



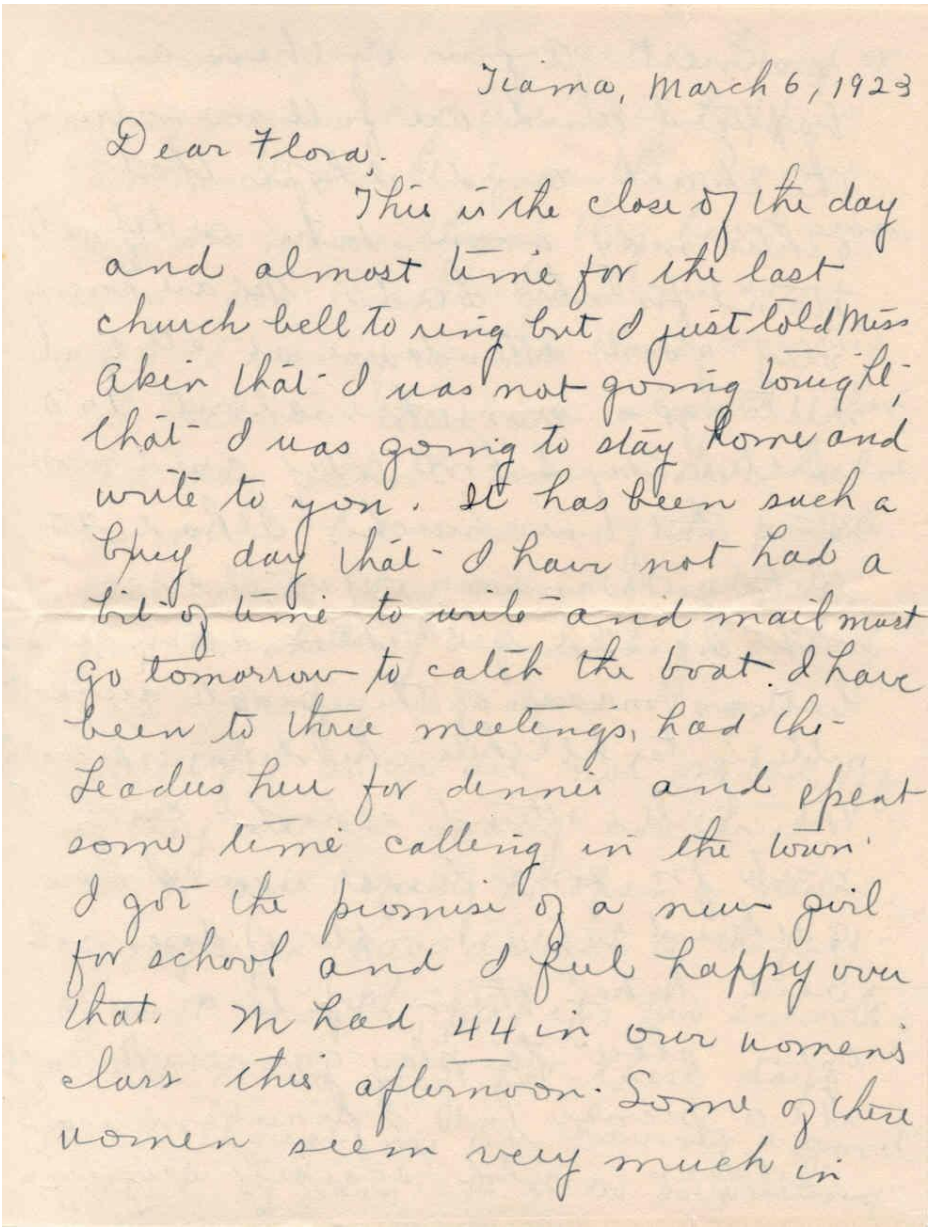
is review and I asked several to review different subjects and the chief is to tell us about Moses. As he cannot read he has to have some one drill him. A little while ago this evening Mr. Inskip sent up to town the Bible Picture chart so he could explain to the chief who had begged him to help him. He is a fine young man. He makes me think of one of the disciples of old. His name is Mullu Brewah. His father was chief some years ago and drank himself to death. This man never touches liquor for he saw what it did to his father.

So you are back in school again. Is the influenza dying out? I see by English papers that it is much worse there again.

Remember me, please to Miss James.

Your Loving Aunt Minnie

Tiama, March 26, 1923, Page 1



Tiama, March 6, 1923

Dear Flora.

This is the close of the day and almost time for the last church bell to ring but I just told Miss Akin that I was not going tonight, that I was going to stay home and write to you. It has been such a busy day that I have not had a bit of time to write and mail must go tomorrow to catch the boat. I have been to three meetings, had the Ladies here for dinner and spent some time calling in the town. I got the promise of a new girl for school and I feel happy over that. We had 44 in our women's class this afternoon. Some of these women seem very much in

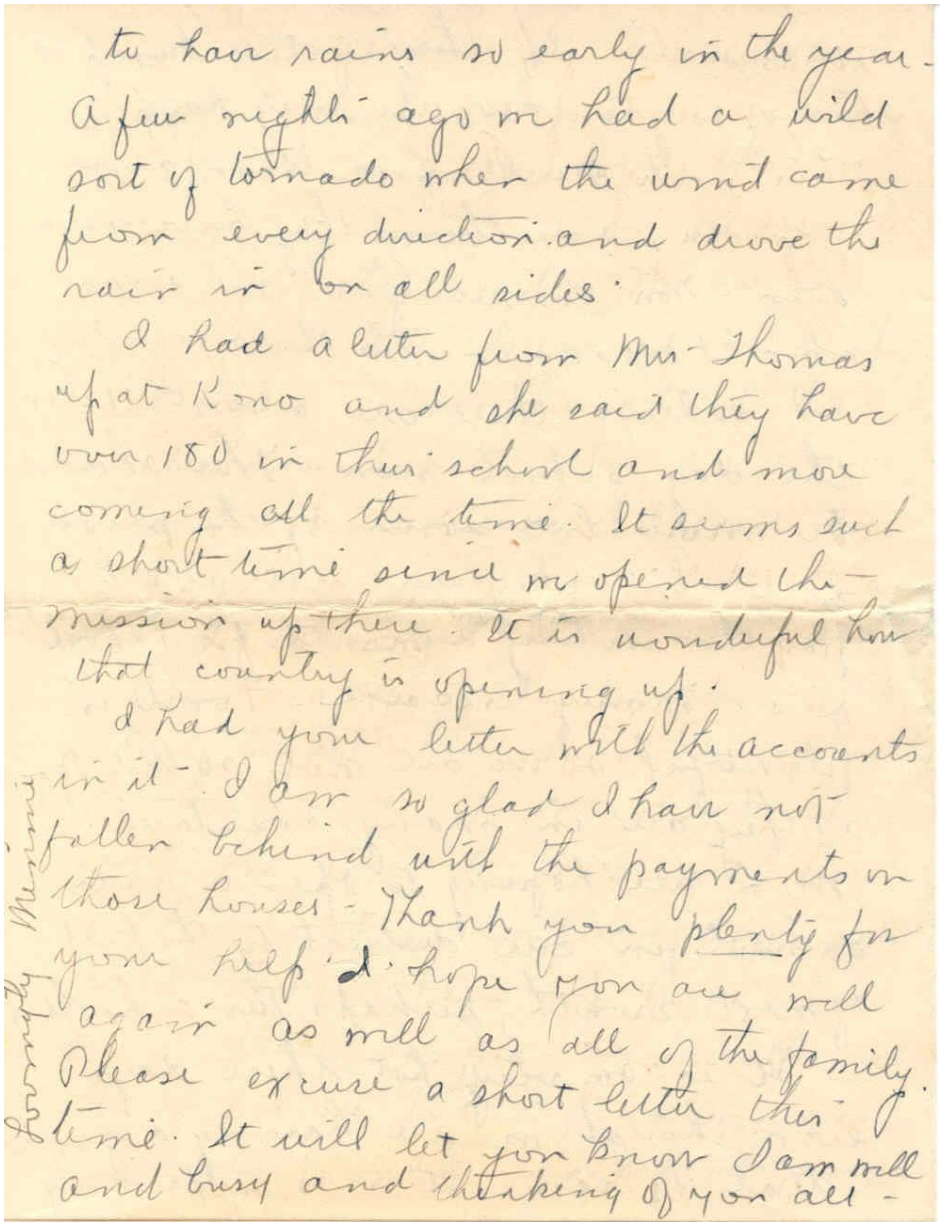
earnest. A few of them are baptized and are full members of the church and I hope that others may soon take a definite stand for the Lord. We are having very good attendance at all of our meetings - somewhere about 150 in Sunday School today and more than that in church. I had 20 little girls in my class. I do so wish I could get them all in school but so many of the people are not willing to let their children, especially the girls, attend school. Each week for some time now I have gathered up a couple of dozen girls and taken them up to a nice open place to play games. We call it a picnic but I fear Americar children would scarcely recognize

it as such. If they get a bump or two of sugar they are very happy. This week I will give them some popcorn, something they have never seen. Mrs. Conner gave me some when I was up in the Koro country.

I believe there are about 112 in the day school now. There should be more but some of the people feel that they are not able to pay the shilling a month for school fees. Money is scarce. Food is plentiful so we are not so bad off as they are in many countries.

We are hoping to open a new school in our district by the first of next month, perhaps two schools.

It is so very hot these days even though we are having a good deal of rain. It is so surprising



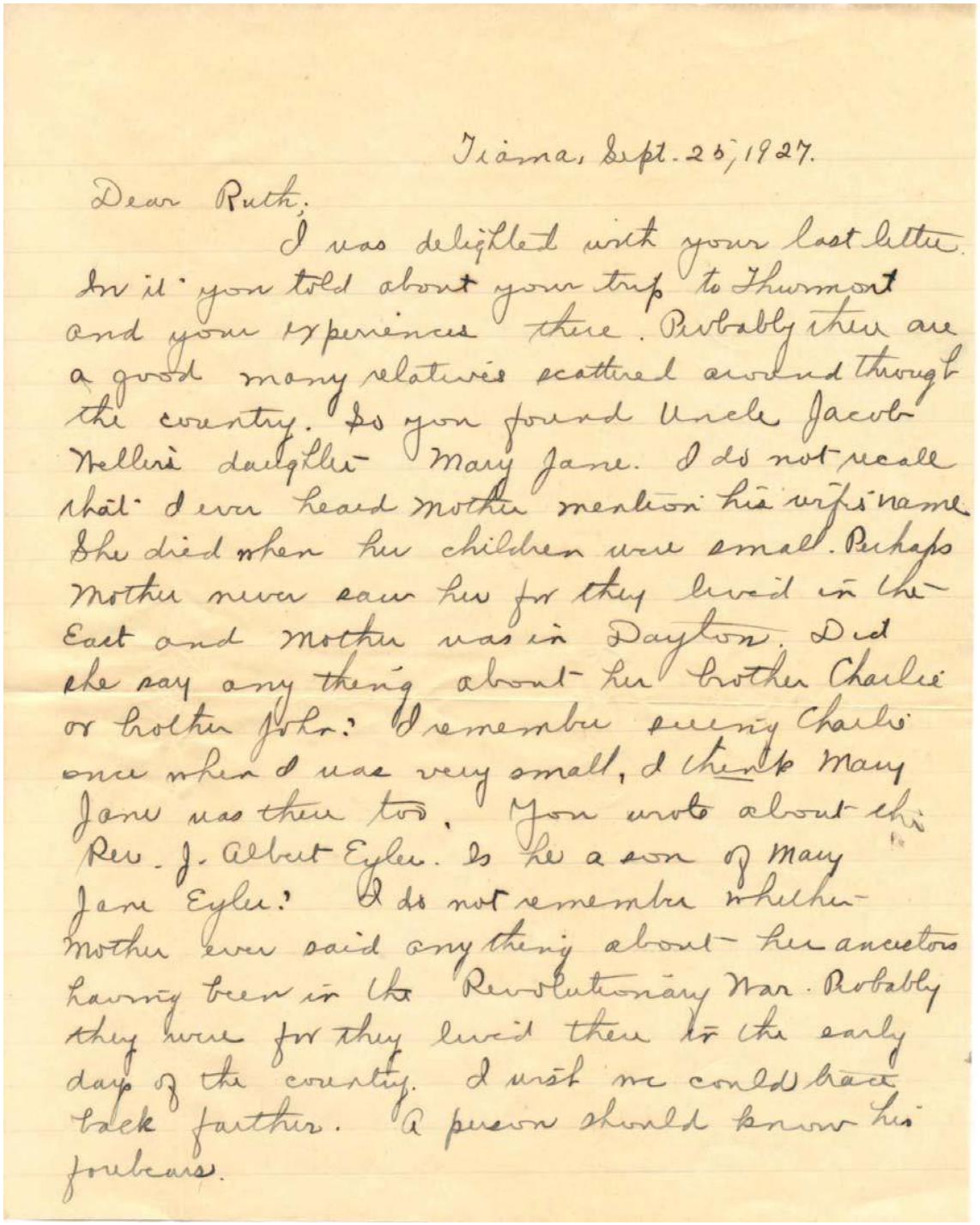
to have rains so early in the year. A few nights ago we had a wild sort of tornado when the wind came from every direction and drove the rain in on all sides.

I had a letter from Mrs. Thomas up at Kino and she said they have over 180 in their school and more coming all the time. It seems such a short time since we opened the mission up there. It is wonderful how that country is opening up.

I had your letter with the accounts in it. I am so glad I have not fallen behind with the payments on those houses. Thank you plenty for your help. I hope you are well again as well as all of the family. Please excuse a short letter this time. It will let you know I am well and busy and thinking of you all.

Sincerely Yours

Tiama, September 25, 1927, Page 1



Tiama, Sept. 25, 1927.

Dear Ruth,

I was delighted with your last letter. In it you told about your trip to Thurmont and your experiences there. Probably there are a good many relatives scattered around through the country. Do you found Uncle Jacob Nellis daughter Mary Jane. I do not recall that I ever heard mother mention his wife's name. She died when her children were small. Perhaps Mother never saw her for they lived in the East and Mother was in Dayton. Did she say any thing about her brother Charles or brother John? I remember seeing Charles once when I was very small, I think Mary Jane was there too. You wrote about the Rev. J. Albert Eyler. Is he a son of Mary Jane Eyler? I do not remember whether Mother ever said any thing about her ancestors having been in the Revolutionary War. Probably they were for they lived there in the early days of the country. I wish we could trace back farther. A person should know his forebears.

I am sure you are having very many interesting experiences which you will never forget. If ever I have the chance, or can reasonably make the chance, I want to go to Thurmont and Frederick and Hagerstown and Baltimore. Quite an ambitious program but I will never be satisfied until I do it.

I have copied the data you sent into my family record book and want to pass it on to the others as I can.

I suppose you will soon be starting back toward California. Do you do considerable driving now? Did you take a turn at it on your way East?

This is the last Sunday in September. How the year has slipped away. I thought I was going to do so much but my hopes were greater than my realizations.

In the sermon this morning the pastor gave some striking illustrations. I should have said that the subject was the Stewardship of Time. In speaking about how people waste time he said that if half a dozen or a dozen people were

busily hoeing in a farm or garden and they saw a rat run into a hole, they would all leave their work and perhaps spend half an hour trying to dig out the rat. The people all laughed for it - is such a common thing here.

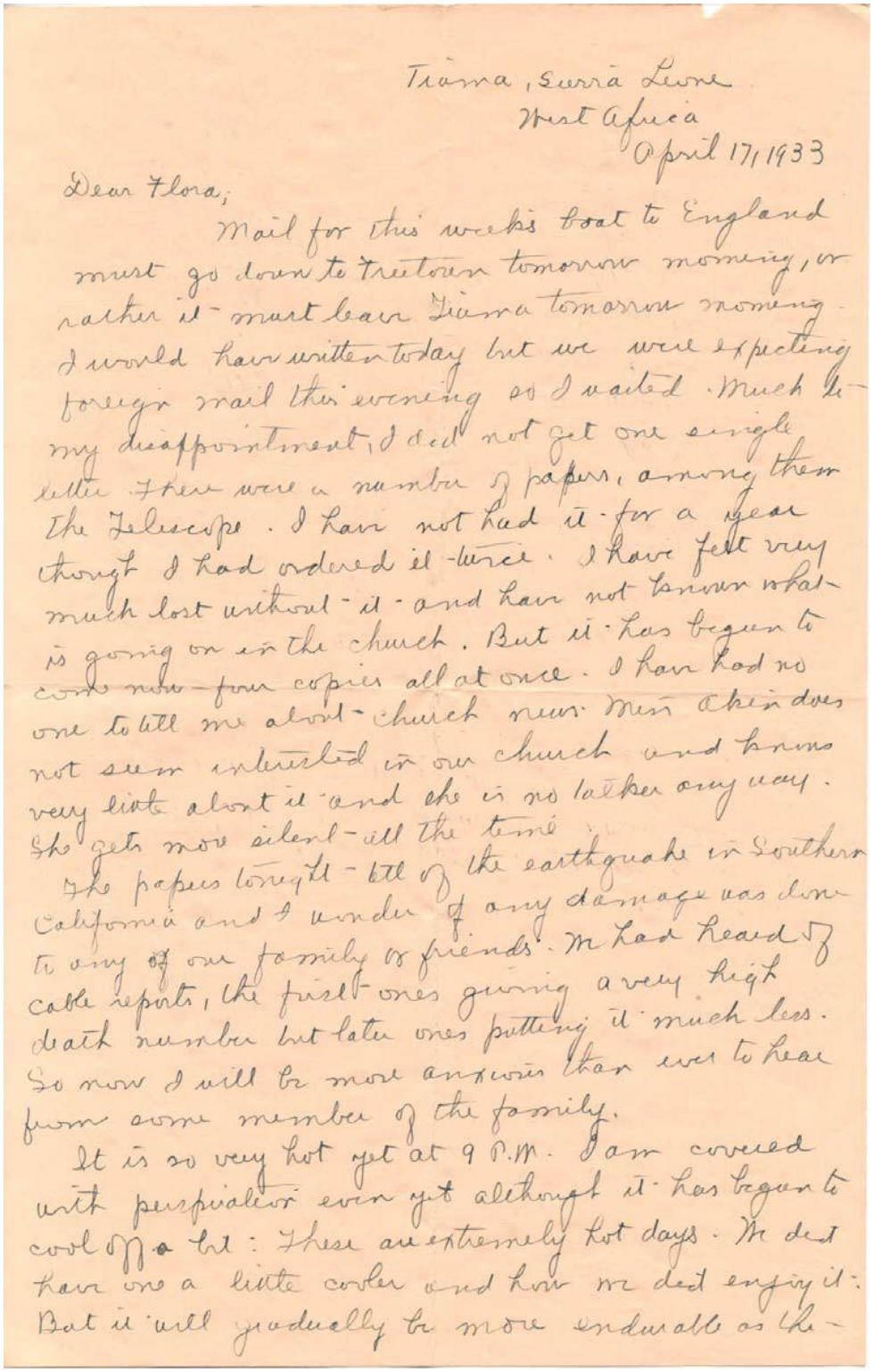
Our dispensary building is not done yet. It goes on very slowly but still it does grow. If only we had the residence pechon up we would be truly thankful. We are out of funds but we still go on as best we can.

I am still feeding the three babies. Two of them are doing very well but the least one has a very bad cough I fear it is whooping cough. though we do not know of any cases around.

We had company for a few days. Miss Gipson from Moyamba was here and we thoroughly enjoyed her visit. She spoke of how much they appreciate that foot machine your C. G. girls provided them. It is the only foot machine they have, though they have hand ones for the girls.

I am at the end of my paper as will stop. Love to you both from Aunt Minnie.

Tiama, April 17, 1933, Page 1



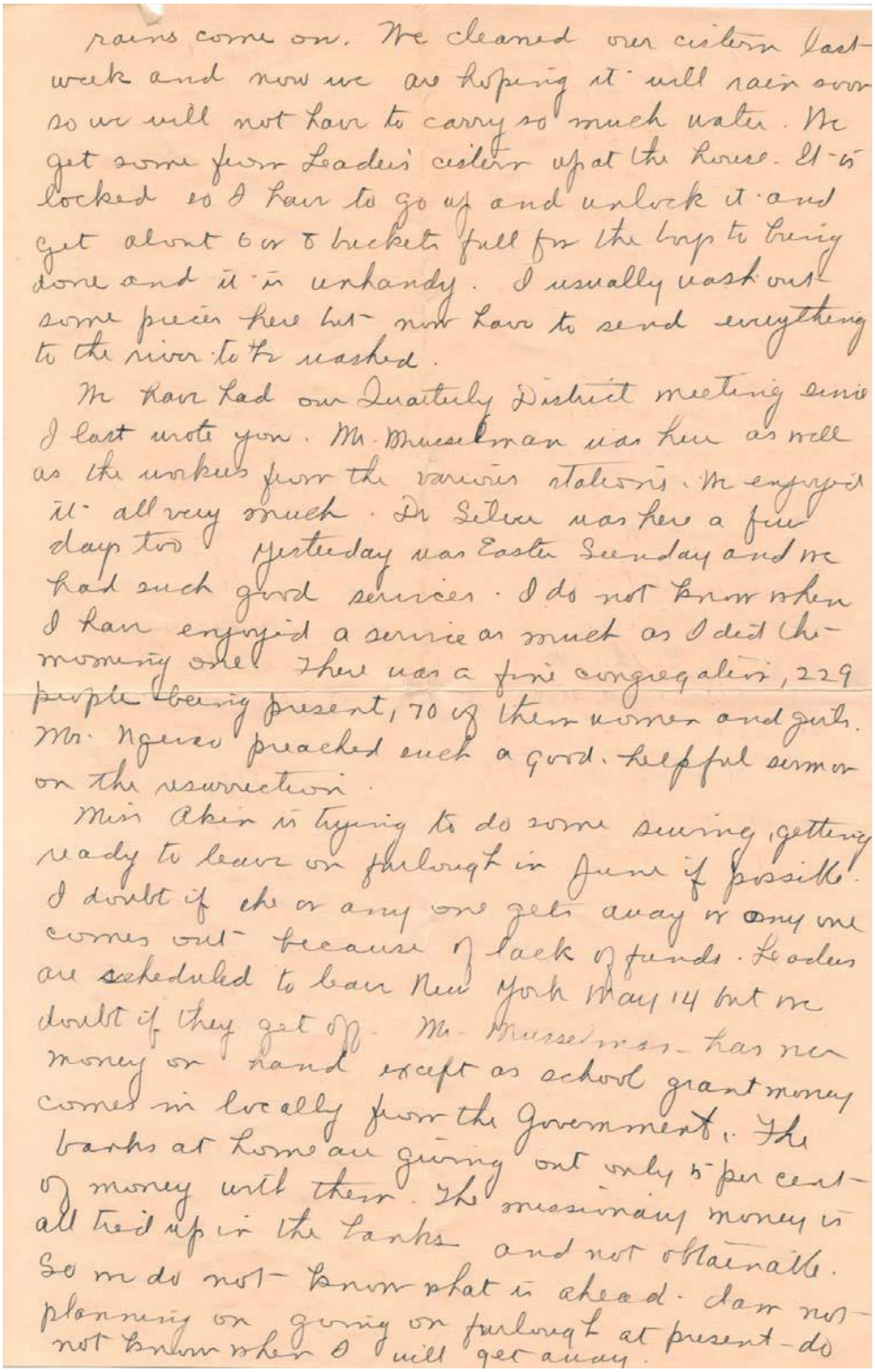
Tiama, Sierra Leone
West Africa
April 17, 1933

Dear Flora;

Mail for this weeks boat to England must go down to Freetown tomorrow morning, or rather it must leave Tiama tomorrow morning. I would have written today but we were expecting foreign mail this evening so I waited. Much to my disappointment, I did not get one single letter. There were a number of papers, among them The Telescope. I have not had it for a year though I had ordered it twice. I have felt very much lost without it and have not known what is going on in the church. But it has begun to come now - four copies all at once. I have had no one to tell me about church news. Miss Akin does not seem interested in our church and knows very little about it and she is no talker any way. She gets more silent all the time.

The papers brought all of the earthquake in Southern California and I wonder if any damage was done to any of our family or friends. We had heard by cable reports, the first ones giving a very high death number but later ones putting it much less. So now I will be more anxious than ever to hear from some member of the family.

It is so very hot yet at 9 P.M. I am covered with perspiration even yet although it has begun to cool off a bit. These are extremely hot days. We did have one a little cooler and how we did enjoy it. But it will gradually be more endurable as the -



rains come on. We cleaned our cistern last week and now we are hoping it will rain over so we will not have to carry so much water. We get some from Leader's cistern up at the house. It is locked so I have to go up and unlock it and get about 6 or 8 buckets full for the boys to bring down and it is unhandy. I usually wash out some pieces here but now have to send everything to the river to be washed.

We have had our Quarterly District meeting since I last wrote you. Mr. Musselman was here as well as the workers from the various stations. We enjoyed it all very much. Dr Silver was here a few days too. Yesterday was Easter Sunday and we had such good services. I do not know when I have enjoyed a service as much as I did the morning one. There was a fine congregation, 229 people being present, 70 of them women and girls. Mr. Ngeno preached such a good, helpful sermon on the resurrection.

Miss Aker is trying to do some sewing, getting ready to leave on furlough in June if possible. I doubt if she or any one gets away or any one comes out because of lack of funds. Leaders are scheduled to leave New York May 14 but we doubt if they get off. Mr. Musselman has no money on hand except as school grant money comes in locally from the Government. The banks at home are giving out only 5 per cent of money with them. The missionary money is all tied up in the banks and not obtainable. So we do not know what is ahead. Are not planning on going on furlough at present - do not know when I will get away.

a.m. I stopped and went to bed for it was late.
We have to get up early here and the morning is much the best time for work. I want to go out to the farm as soon as I can and that means a walk of about two miles before I get back. The people have begun to dig out cassava. There is a good deal of hunger in the villages. Rice is very scarce now but not expensive. The Govt has kept the price down. Money is very scarce too. There is no price for native products. Some times we have had to pay ten shillings for a tin of palm oil but now it is down to one and two, according to location.

I sent £20-0-0 in February through the home office and no doubt it reached you in time for the last taxes. I always try to send in Feb. and Nov. We can only send in the second month of a quarter.

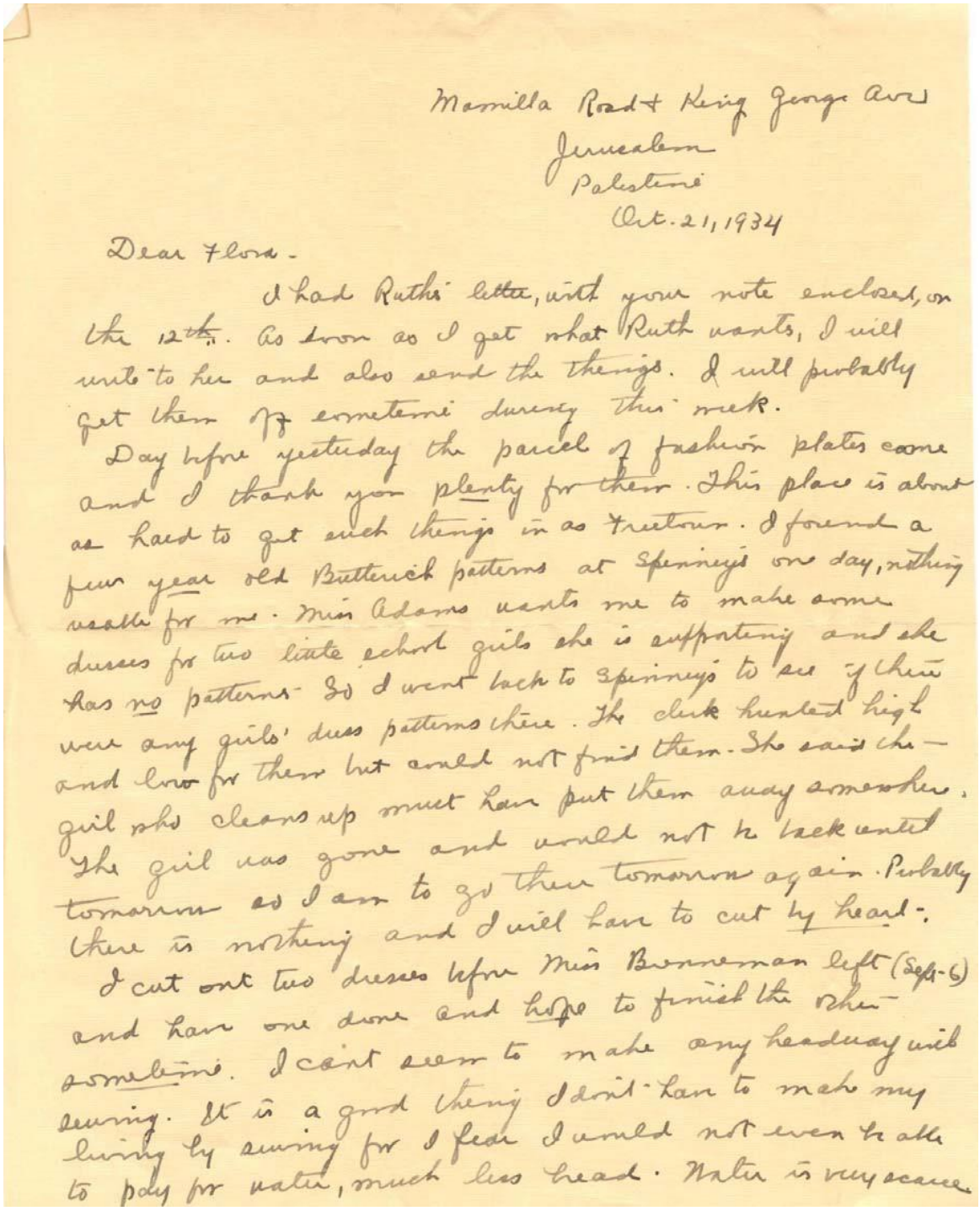
It is a beautiful morning - I have had my bath and must now see about food and get the day started. I wish I could see you all. It does seem a long time. I hope you and Spencer are both feeling better. Is Mary Ruth getting over her cough? She is such a dear little body.

Mr. Gowrie was here yesterday. He is one of the teachers in the Academy. He spent a number of years in the States and only returned a short time before Christmas.

I must get to work - Love to you all from

Minnie

Jerusalem, October 21, 1934, Page 1



Manilla Road + King George Ave
Jerusalem
Palestine
Oct. 21, 1934

Dear Flora -

I had Ruth's letter, with your note enclosed, on the 12th. As soon as I get what Ruth wants, I will write to her and also send the things. I will probably get them off sometime during this week.

Day before yesterday the parcel of fashion plates came and I thank you plenty for them. This place is about as hard to get such things in as Trenton. I found a few year old Butterick patterns at Spinneys one day, nothing usable for me. Miss Adams wants me to make some dresses for two little school girls she is supporting and she has no patterns. So I went back to Spinneys to see if there were any girls' dress patterns there. The clerk hunted high and low for them but could not find them. She said the girl who cleans up must have put them away somewhere. The girl was gone and would not be back until tomorrow as I am to go there tomorrow again. Probably there is nothing and I will have to cut by head.

I cut out two dresses before Miss Bronneman left (Sept 6) and have one done and hope to finish the other sometime. I can't seem to make any headway with sewing. It is a good thing I don't have to make my living by sewing for I fear I would not even be able to pay for water, much less bread. Water is very scarce

2

in Jerusalem. Houses which have tanks on the roof, as this one has, have a supply, but many people buy the kerosene tins full and pay accordingly for it. Jerusalem is promised a full supply early next year. They are laying the pipes up the mountains from a stream away down toward Jaffa.

I went to St. Andrew's Church this morning (Church of Scotland) The service is very simple, good old hymns, one psalm, one lesson from the New Testament and prayer and sermon. It is not very far from here, perhaps 15 minutes walk. It is cooler again today after a week of very pleasant weather.

Day before yesterday the "Palestine Post" had an item of earthquake in Los Angeles - not heavy, but torrential rain and cloud burst. I am hoping it really was a light quake. It always makes me uneasy when they come.

I have not been away from Jerusalem for some time except for a trip one day to Jericho, the Jordan and Dead Sea. I went with Mrs. Usher and her sister from Port Said. Mrs Usher is at the head of Persia Mission there. I saw papayas growing at Jericho. They made me sort of homesick for Tsaina. But I am not at all ready to go back yet. I must get more rested yet before I go. Miss Aken said that she is to leave New York Nov. 2 by the "Mount Kelsa", Barbados Line, for Trieste. I am glad she is getting back. If we two could be together at Tsaina, just we two, it would seem like home and I am sure I would hurry back.

I do hope that Mabel is getting all right again. That is a real shock to the whole system. I do believe she should be better now. I would love to see Charlotte Ann. What do they call Lansing's baby?

3.

I have had several rides around the city with Miss Brown as she goes on business. She never seems to go just for a ride. I am the only guest here now. There was a man and his wife from Cairo here for a few days but they have gone. There are very few strangers in Jerusalem now. The tourist crop has not come on yet. And the shops have not yet stocked up much. There are many little shops here but are all very poor. I must get me some sort of hat - a light straw will not do for winter. I will try to get a silk of some sort or light felt but I surely do not want one of these flat-fly-away kind. The Jew girls, some of them, have the latest, don't know where they get them unless from Tel Aviv.

Miss Brenneman must no doubt be at home in Pennsylvania but I have not heard yet since she landed which event was due Oct. 3.

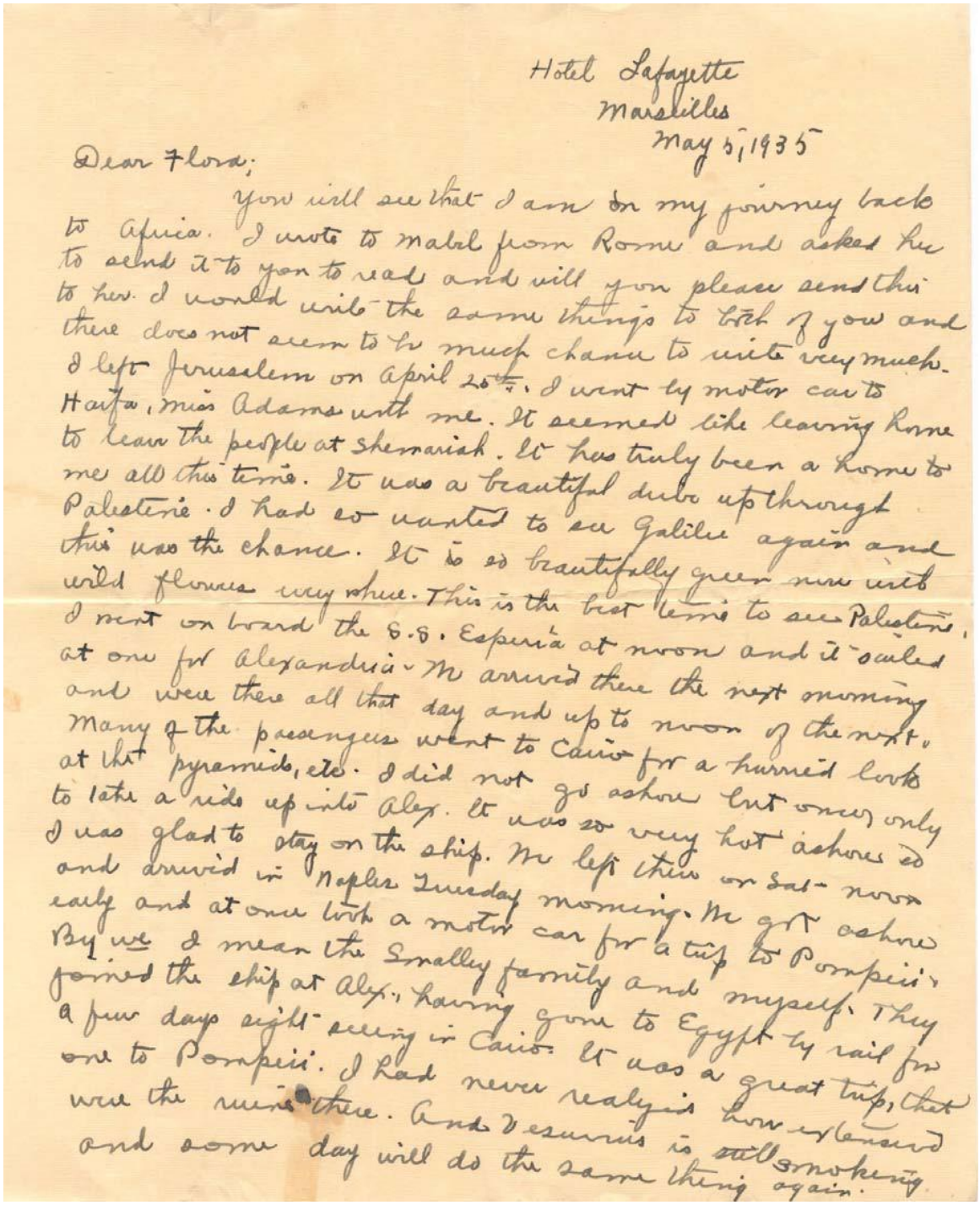
I have been spending some time embroidering, in very simple stitches, a bed spread - heavy unbleached sheeting - just to fill in time.

It is sun down and the Arabs have stopped work on their building. They have done so much plastering today. They do not work on Friday, their holy day but Sunday they are at it all day and so are the Jews. Three Sabbaths here.

If any one wants anything, please let me know and I will do my best to get it. - Love to all

Minnie

Marseille, France, May 5, 1935, Page 1

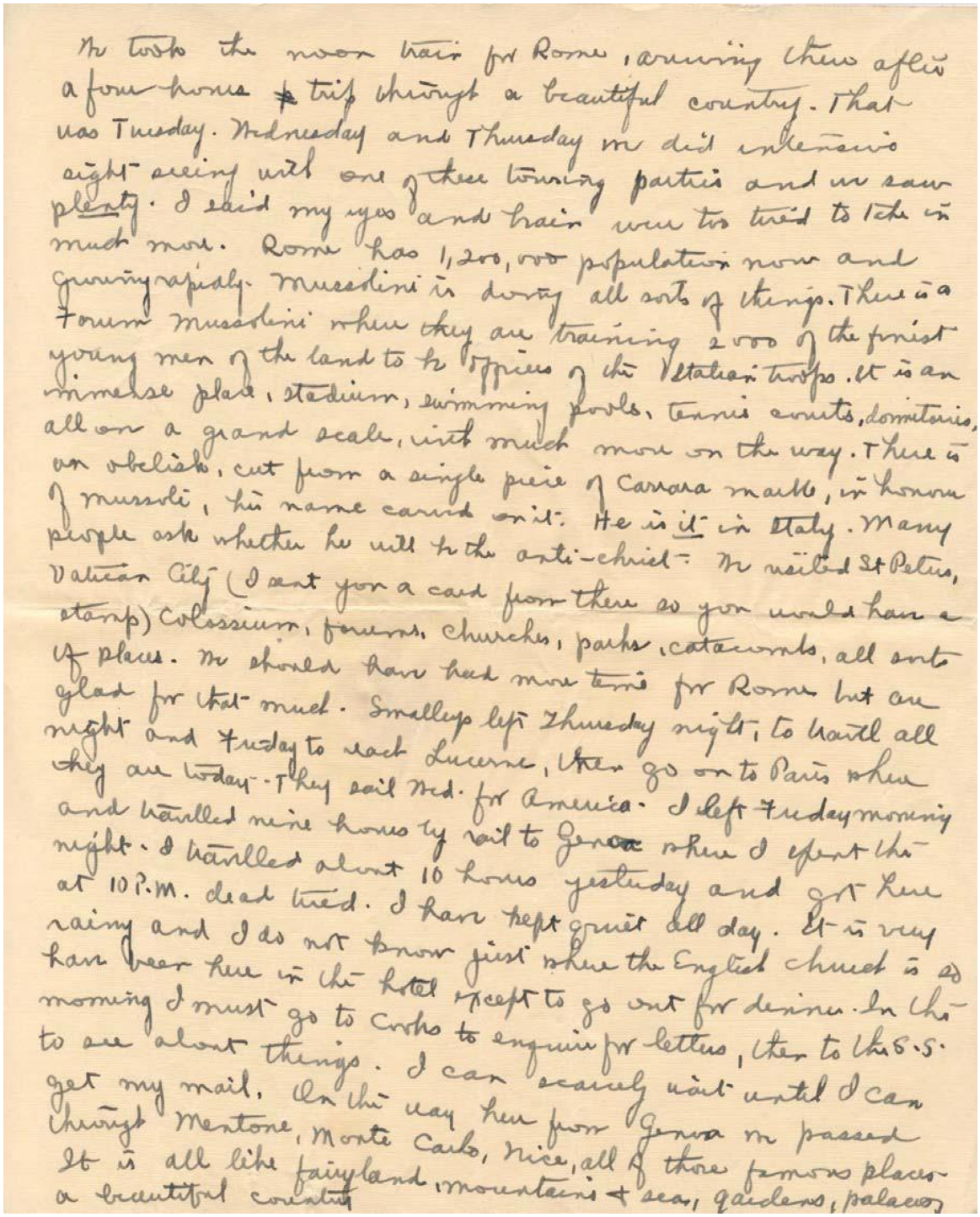


Hotel Lafayette
Marseilles
May 5, 1935

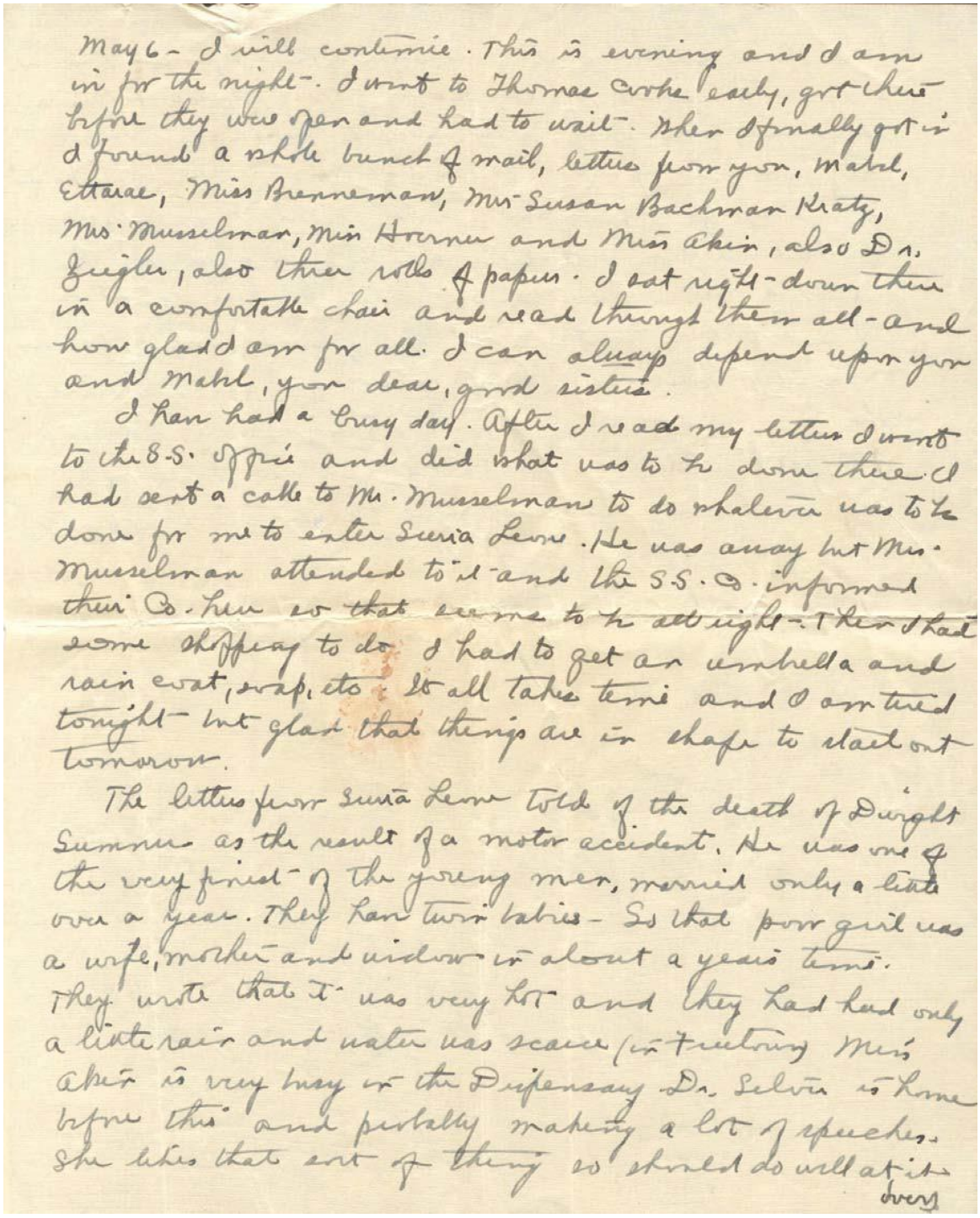
Dear Flora;

You will see that I am on my journey back to Africa. I wrote to Mabel from Rome and asked her to send it to you to read and will you please send this to her. I would write the same things to both of you and there does not seem to be much chance to write very much. I left Jerusalem on April 25th. I went by motor car to Haifa, miss Adams with me. It seemed like leaving Rome to leave the people at Shemaniah. It has truly been a home to me all this time. It was a beautiful drive up through Palestine. I had so wanted to see Galilee again and this was the chance. It is so beautifully green now with wild flowers every where. This is the best time to see Palestine. I went on board the S.S. Esperia at noon and it sailed at one for Alexandria. We arrived there the next morning and were there all that day and up to noon of the next. Many of the passengers went to Cairo for a hurried look at the pyramids, etc. I did not go ashore but once only to take a ride up into Alex. It was so very hot ashore so I was glad to stay on the ship. We left there on Sat- noon and arrived in Naples Tuesday morning. We got ashore early and at once took a motor car for a trip to Pompeii. By we I mean the Smalley family and myself. They joined the ship at Alex., having gone to Egypt by rail for a few days sight-seeing in Cairo. It was a great trip, that one to Pompeii. I had never really seen how extensive were the ruins there. And Vesuvius is still smoking and some day will do the same thing again.

Marseille, France, May 5, 1935, Page 2



We took the noon train for Rome, arriving there after a four hours trip through a beautiful country. That was Tuesday. Wednesday and Thursday we did extensive sight-seeing with one of these touring parties and we saw plenty. I said my eyes and brain were too tired to take in much more. Rome has 1,200,000 population now and growing rapidly. Mussolini is doing all sorts of things. There is a Forum Mussolini where they are training 2000 of the finest young men of the land to be officers of the Italian troops. It is an immense place, stadium, swimming pools, tennis courts, dormitories, all on a grand scale, with much more on the way. There is an obelisk, cut from a single piece of Carrara marble, in honour of Mussolini, his name carved on it. He is it in Italy. Many people ask whether he will be the anti-christ. We visited St Peters, Vatican City (I sent you a card from there so you would have a stamp) Colosseum, forums, churches, parks, catacombs, all sorts of places. We should have had more time for Rome but are glad for that much. Smalleys left Thursday night, to travel all night and Friday to reach Lucerne, then go on to Paris where they are today. They sail Wed. for America. I left Friday morning and travelled nine hours by rail to Genoa where I spent the night. I travelled about 10 hours yesterday and got here at 10 P.M. dead tired. I have kept quiet all day. It is very rainy and I do not know just where the English church is so have been here in the hotel except to go out for dinner. In the morning I must go to Cooks to enquire for letters, then to the S.S. to see about things. I can scarcely wait until I can get my mail. On the way here from Genoa we passed through Mentone, Monte Carlo, Nice, all of those famous places. It is all like fairyland, mountains & sea, gardens, palaces, a beautiful country



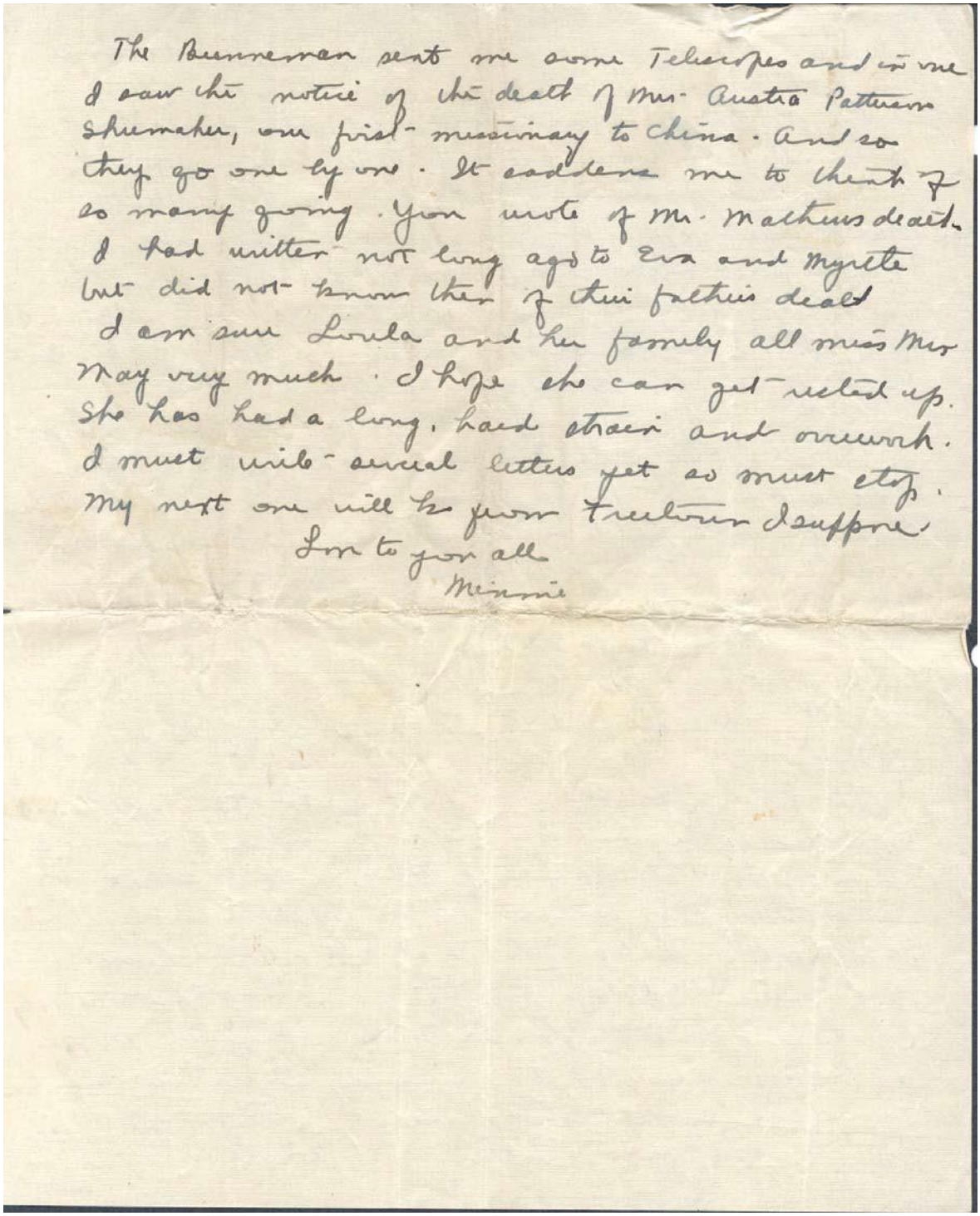
May 6 - I will continue. This is evening and I am in for the night. I went to Thomas Cooke early, got there before they were open and had to wait. When I finally got in I found a whole bunch of mail, letters from you, Mabel, Ethael, Miss Brenneman, Mrs. Susan Bachman Kratz, Mrs. Musselman, Miss Horner and Miss Akin, also Dr. Zeigler, also three rolls of papers. I sat right down there in a comfortable chair and read through them all - and how glad I am for all. I can always depend upon you and Mabel, your dear, good sisters.

I have had a busy day. After I read my letters I went to the S.S. Office and did what was to be done there. I had sent a cable to Mr. Musselman to do whatever was to be done for me to enter Sierra Leone. He was away but Mrs. Musselman attended to it and the S.S.O. informed their Co. here so that seems to be all right. Then I had some shopping to do. I had to get an umbrella and rain coat, soap, etc. It all takes time and I am tired tonight but glad that things are in shape to start out tomorrow.

The letters from Sierra Leone told of the death of Dwight Summers as the result of a motor accident. He was one of the very finest of the young men, married only a little over a year. They have twin babies. So that poor girl was a wife, mother and widow in about a years time. They write that it was very hot and they had had only a little rain and water was scarce (in Freetown). Miss Akin is very busy in the Dispensary. Dr. Selvie is home before this and probably making a lot of speeches. She likes that sort of thing so should do well at it.

over

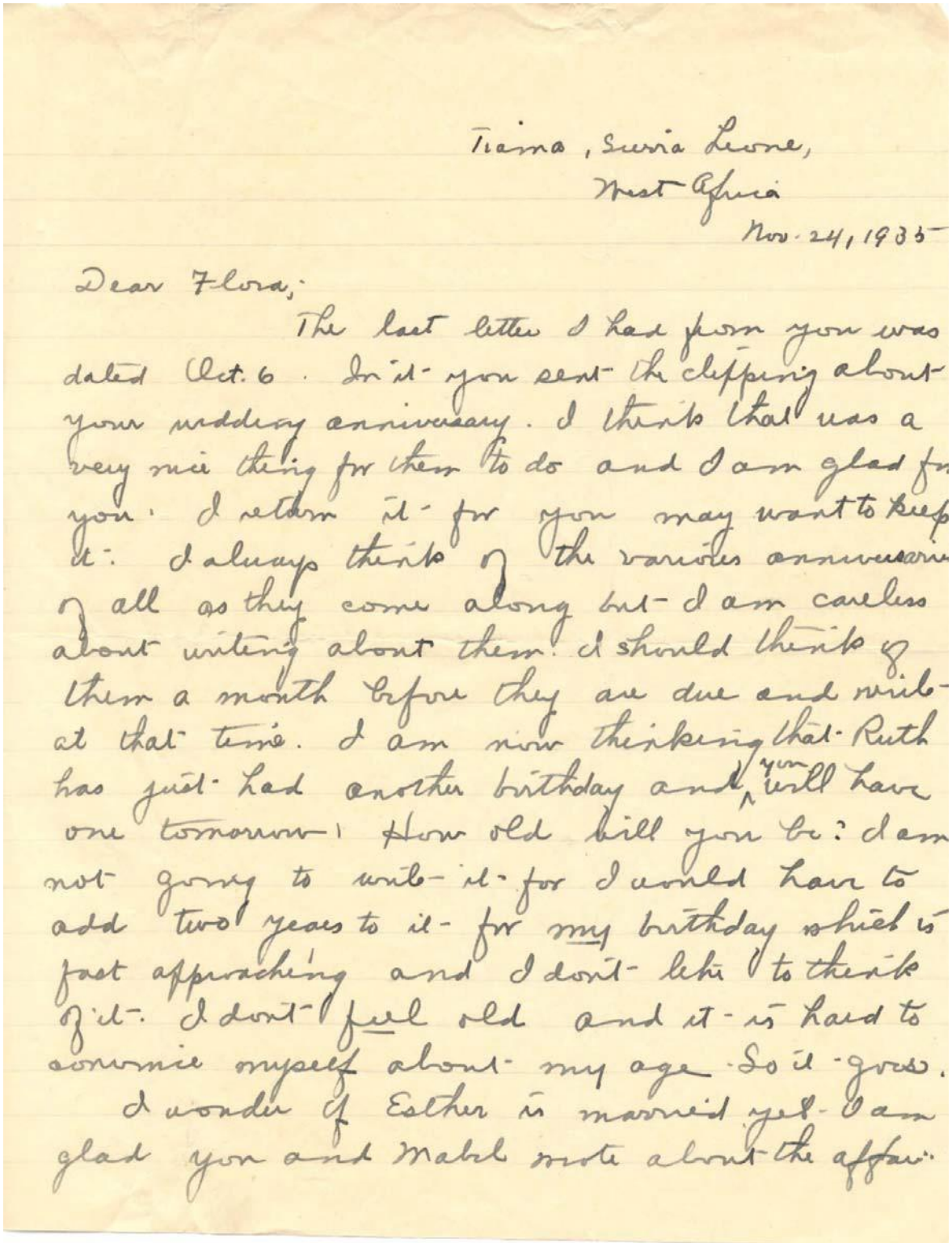
Marseille, France, May 5, 1935, Page 4



The Bennerman sent me some Telescopes and in one I saw the notice of the death of Mrs. Austria Patterson Shumaker, our first missionary to China. And so they go one by one. It saddens me to think of so many going. Your note of Mr. Mathews death. I had written not long ago to Eva and Myrtle but did not know then of their father's death. I am sure Loula and her family all miss Mrs May very much. I hope she can get rested up. She has had a long, hard strain and overwork. I must write several letters yet so must stop. My next one will be from Tientsin I suppose.

Love to you all

Minnie



Tiama, Sierra Leone,
West Africa
Nov. 24, 1935

Dear Flora;

The last letter I had from you was dated Oct. 6. In it you sent the clipping about your wedding anniversary. I think that was a very nice thing for them to do and I am glad for you. I return it for you may want to keep it. I always think of the various anniversaries of all as they come along but I am careless about writing about them. I should think of them a month before they are due and write at that time. I am now thinking that Ruth has just had another birthday and you will have one tomorrow. How old will you be? I am not going to write it for I would have to add two years to it for my birthday which is fast approaching and I don't like to think of it. I don't feel old and it is hard to convince myself about my age. So it goes.

I wonder if Esther is married yet. I am glad you and Mabel wrote about the affair.

Then I recently had a letter from Esther and she told me ~~by~~ the young mans name. Every one seems satisfied about it - and he must be a fine young man. Only Allen and Victor of the nephews left, the only ones of that generation in our family.

I wrote you last from Rotefunk. I was there a month. Then on my way home I stopped off at Moyamba over trains, which means two days, and got here last Wed. It seems good to be home again although I had a very pleasant, profitable time there. The attendance at the womens school was small but those who were there did very good work and enjoyed it all. I presume that the school will be held at Rotefunk again next year. That will be decided at Conference time. For my part I would rather have it here.

I asked Mr. Schutz, the acting Supt, to have Dr. Gregler send you $ 50.00 and hope that will be enough to meet the bills. If not, please let me know and I will send more.

I enclose $5.00 for you for a bit of christmas. It may be late. I could not get hold of a bill in time to send it by the last mail. We have foreign mail each way only every two weeks except for an occasional direct boat.

It is so very hot now. I take off every bit of clothing once or twice a day and put on dry things. I think I never sweat quite as much as I do now and it is very uncomfortable. At the same time it is a good thing.

There are having their Commencement or Moyamba Race day. I saw the girls practicing their parts & was quite satisfied not to stay on. They have about 150 girls in the school, all boarders. It will be a grand exodus tomorrow for the majority will start for their homes. Our Mary will be here. I must remember to have rice cooked for her for the evening.

And now I will say "Merry Christmas" to you all, only wishing that I could send some nice things to all! Lovingly

Minnie

Tiama, Sierra Leone,
West Africa.

March 9, 1937

Dear Flora and Mabel;

I am going to write to both of you this time and send a copy to each of you as I have so little time to write. The foreign mail last night brought one letter from you, Mabel, that of January 24, and two from you, Flora, those of Jan. 22 and Feb.8. It had seemed a good while since I had heard from either of you and I fear that I have done worse than that. The days do not seem long enough for all that has to be done, neither the time nor the strength. I am not complaining at all for I am so glad that I can do the work. But a person can do only so much and if you put the time on one thing, you can't put that same time on another thing.

Your letters told of such cold weather and heavy rains and smudge; also if the terrible times they have had in the east. It all sounds dreadful and is dreadful and I am glad I am not in it. No doubt some of those people though would pity us for some of our privations and discomforts so it works both ways.

Miss Akin is very busy giving injections today. The last injection day she gave 130 and had a lot of other cases. Judging from the croud outside of the dispensary, and the noises, I should say that she had her hands full again this morning. I have had other jobs myself. A number of people have been here, I have sold some school books, spent a couple of hours with Mr. Ngevao on revision of our Mende song book, directed the boys activities, etc. And it is not yet noon. There will be a chance to get letters to town in time to catch the foreign mail so I am writing hurriedly. I could not get letters off yesterday. It is frightfully hot and I have to take off every thing in the afternoon and put on dry clothes and then by night I am soaked again. We have had some rains at night, unusual for this time of year.

Miss Akin had a letter from Mr. Musselman in which he statedthat she is to leave for America with the party going in June so her time is limited here. We do not know for sure who will come here to the dispensary. What I will do depends upon who comes here. Time will tell.

Mabel, you asked about those Mende and Temne mottoes. They are very pretty and I must write to the ladies who did them. I gave one to one of our teachers and he has it on his living room wall and appreciates it much. And I gave others to people who liked them. It was a fine idea and I am glad you did it. I have some of the mottoes and cards left yet and use them as needed. Recently I sent a parcel of leaflets, mottoes, Mende and Temne cards, mottoes, Scripture portions to Mrs. Thomas up at Tiama in the Kono country. There is a great demand for such things up there because

so many people from every where have gone there to work in the diamond mines. So I was glad to share with them and your gifts are scattered far and wide and no one can tell what good they may do.

Bora is cooking our noonday meal, our main meal of the day. It will consist of rice, as usual, and a stew made of dried fish, onion and groundnut butter. It is the best we can do today for there is very little to be bought, no fresh vegetables at all, no meat of any kind, very little fruit. But we always manage to get something to satisfy our hunger.

I do hope that Aunt has recovered from her illness, also that Spencer, Loula, Beth's family and Ruth's family are all right again. After I had read Mabel's letter and Flora's first letter, telling about so much illness, Joe came over from the Post Office with Flora's second letter and I was almost afraid to open it for fear of worse news and I did heave a great sigh of relief when it told that all were better. Thank God.

I have 46 boys in the Boys' Home now. Some of them have been having cow-pox and have had to be isolated as much as possible. They are about well now and we are hoping that they are the lastto have it. No one has been very sick and there are no bad after effects so it could be worse. We have nearly 200 in the day school. Of course that includes the boarders. Things are moving along all right so far.

Leadere are booked to leave New York early in June.After they get here of course I will turn all of this work over to them.

Miss Akin isknitting herself a wool dress. She thinks she will get much good from it at home as she feels the cold much. I keep thinking that I will try to knit something but never get at it, too much else to do, letters, accounts, records, children's clothes, etc.

Mrs. Musselman and Dr. Silverare at Leicester for a vacation. Mrs. M.needed it very much for she was worn out from the Conference work.

I must stop and write to Mr. Musselman and I do not want to miss a chance to sendthis letter to Mano if a lorry happens to go.

Love to you all and many, many thanks for all you both do for me all the time and for all you both are to me, my two dear sisters. Lovingly

Minnie

S. S. HOUGH, D.D.,
GENERAL SECRETARY

Foreign Missionary Society

UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST

404 OTTERBEIN PRESS BUILDING
CABLE ADDRESS: FORWARD DAYTON

DAYTON, OHIO. Oct. 9, 1918.

TO THE PUBLIC:

This certifies that Miss Minnie Eaton is a duly appointed missionary to Sierra Leone, West Africa, under the direction and regulation of the Foreign Missionary Society United Brethren in Christ with headquarters at Dayton, Ohio. Miss Eaton has served for more than a score of years as a missionary in Sierra Leone, and has now a permit from the British Embassy to return to said Colony for further service. Because of the great need of workers there, it is our earnest desire that she depart as soon as possible for this field. As Secretary of the said Missionary Society I am glad to testify that Miss Eaton is in hearty sympathy with the Allies in their sacrifices to free the world from autocracy. She is entitled to the usual courtesies granted to missionaries.

Signed, S. S. Hough
Secretary.

United Bretheb Mission,
Tiama,

April 2o, 1938.

Dear Miss Eaton:

We the members of Tiama U. B. C. Mission Quarterly Conference, do solemnly express our sincere appreviation and gratitide for all your activities in the service of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

As children of dear Africa, we have nothing to give you as prize But we deel that the Lord will reward thee openly. We believe you've contributed largely to the enlightenment of our country Sierra Leone. Considering how yo voluntered toleave home and share Christianity in those trying times, whe n our foreparents were totally blind to the acceptation of a stranger rel igion . With much assurance , you may e exclaim after the pattern of St. Paul thus: " Ihave fought a good fight, Ihave dinished my course. I have kept the faith . Henceforth there is laid above me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteious Judge will give unto me on that day. Not unto me only, but unto all themthat love his apprearing''.

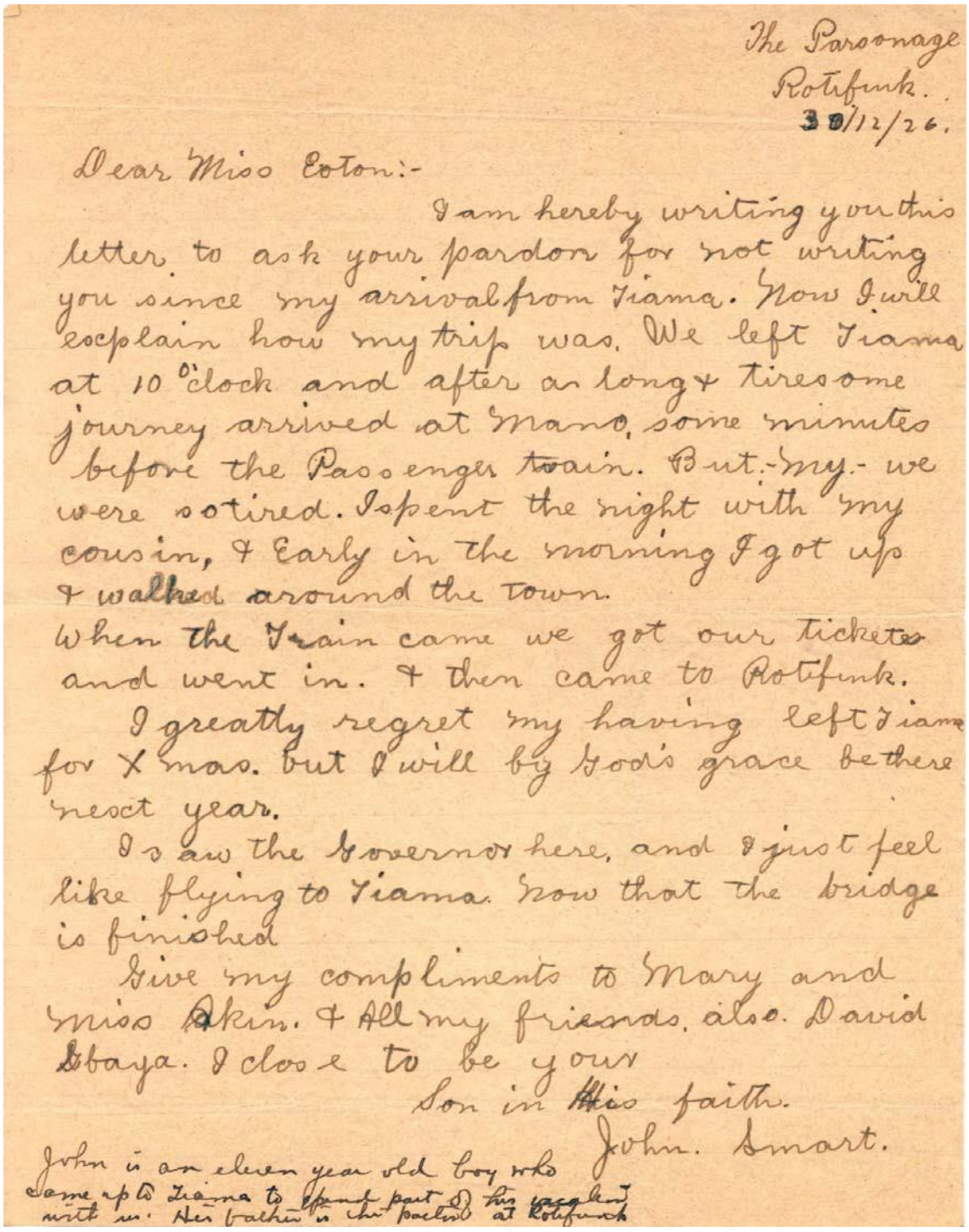
The Lord bless you and keep you.

Remamber us.

Truly yours,

Sect.-- Joseph S. Kamanda

Letter to Miss Eaton, December 30, 1926 from eleven-year-old John Albert Musselman Karefa-Smart. *In 1940 John spent the night with us in our home in Otterbein. He was born 1915 in Rotifunk. It is said that he is "The privileged grandchild of two 'paramount chiefs." He received his BS degree at Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio; a Medical degree from McGill University, Montreal; and a M.P.H. degree from Harvard School of Public Health. John has spent over 50 years on a dual path of politics and public health, in service to Sierra Leone and the rest of the world. In 1996 and 2002 he was a Presidential Candidate in Sierra Leone. Spencer*



The Parsonage
Rotifunk.
30/12/26.

Dear Miss Eaton:-

I am hereby writing you this letter to ask your pardon for not writing you since my arrival from Yiama. Now I will explain how my trip was. We left Yiama at 10 o'clock and after a long & tiresome journey arrived at Mano, some minutes before the Passenger train. But.-my.- we were so tired. I spent the night with my cousin, & Early in the morning I got up & walked around the town.
When the Train came we got our tickets and went in. & then came to Rotifunk.

I greatly regret my having left Yiama for X mas. but I will by God's grace be there nesct year.

I saw the Governor here, and I just feel like flying to Yiama. Now that the bridge is finished

Give my compliments to Mary and Miss Akin. & All my friends. also. David Sbaya. I close to be your

Son in His faith.

John. Smart.

John is an eleven year old boy who came up to Yiama to spend part of his vacation with us. His father is the pastor at Rotifunk

NOTES FOR BOOK -- *Aunt Minnie had planned to write a book about her experiences in Sierra Leone. Our Grandmother Flora had saved the letters from her sister. Aunt Minnie was going to use these letters to refresh her memory. The following 33 pages are some of the notes she made for the book. Spencer*

December 1894, Page 1

Dec 1894 1.

I feel as though I have been making history very rapidly this past week. So many experiences have been crowded into a few days that I can scarcely realize the fact that just one week ago we left ~~Rotifunk~~ Freetown for Rotifunk. I have wished so many times that all the home friends could be here and see what we see, and hear what we hear. As that is impossible, I will try to tell you about some of our experiences.

We spent several days in Freetown waiting for the Rotifunk boat which finally came in Tuesday night. Freetown is a pretty place, ~~nes~~ nestling at the base of the Sierra Leone mountains. There are many beautiful trees and the streets are grass covered. I was told that there is ~~only~~ only one team in the whole town, and that is an ox team.

Christmas was a joyful, yet strange day to us, for our ~~surroundings~~ surroundings ~~zw~~ were so new, so interesting. With the exception of our own people and a few missionaries of other missions, all faces were dusky ones, and that seemed odd at first, but very natural now. We had a very good Christmas dinner, some of the dishes being American and some African, and all good.

Wednesday we startted for Rotifunk. I dreaded starting off on a dark night in a little sailboat for a ride of a hundred miles. It really seemed dangerous at first, but I concluded that it could not be, or Mr. Cain would not attempt it. I shall never forget that start. We put on our wraps and waited until we should be told that the tide was right, and at ten o'clock the word came and we all went to the wharf where our boat was anchored. We had one small lantern, and by its little light the scene looked very odd and picturesque. The boatmen, six of them, very scantily clad, were ready, and soon we were off in the darkness, the Bishop and the missionaries, who were to go to Shenge, standing on the wharf singing a parting hymn.

Dec. 1894
2

The wind and tide were in our favor and we made good time and the night passed rapidly away. There was a sort of cabin at the end of the boat and there we managed to get some rest. We had a good breakfast of tea, bread, butter and jam, oranges and bananas. The bananas here are so large and fine, much better than those at home. The oranges are ~~no~~ not yellow when ripe, but quite green. Toward noon one of the boatmen cooked their food. He made a fire in a box of gravel and cooked an immense kettle full of rice and made some stew, and when it was cooked they ate it with relish. The boatmen were interesting and their singing - you must hear it to appreciate it. They sang as they rowed when the wind died down, and the louder they sang the better they ~~rowd~~ rowed. All that day we travelled south, following the coast, and then crossed a bay to find the river up which we must ~~t~~travel. The men could not find the river's mouth in the darkness, though we sailed up and down the shore for some time, so we had to anchor and wait for the day, and how that boat did rock! The doctor was sick, but the rest of us escaped that experience. We were so close to the shore that we could hear the surf and see the mangrove trees. When morning came, we found the entrance to the river not far away, and a good breeze starting up, we made good time and soon were sailing up the river. The banks were lined with mangrove trees where monkeys chattered and strange birds flitted about. We saw a number of alligators sunning themselves on the mud banks.

After we had travelled a number of miles we had to wait again for the tide, and a native village being near, Mr. Cain suggested that we go there and see the town and hold a service with the people. Since the tide was out, we could not get up to the bank with our boat, ~~boat~~ so some men from the village came to us with a dugout canoe, and rowed us up a tiny stream as far as they could, and then we followed a narrow trail to the village. There were a number of houses made of clay with thatched roofs. I thought they looked clean and neat.

At the entrance to the village there was a sort of gree-gree or charm hung on a palm tree to keep evil spirits away. We walked in and the people came up and shook hands and seemed pleased to see us. They hastened to ~~sewwp~~ sweep the place where public gatherings were held, and soon a number of people gathered there. That was my first experience of real African life, and it made me feel that I had come to the right place to work. Mr. Cain read some verses from the Bible and Sarah, the cook, interpreted it, or "turned it", as they say here.

After the meeting we bought some oranges and started back, ~~only~~ only to find that the tide had receded and the canoe was left in the mud. We walked along the ~~the~~ bank as far as we could through the undergrowth, while the men pushed the canoe along until they came to a little water, then they carried us to it and we tried to go on, but there was not enough water. There was nothing to be done but to be toted down the stream for quite a distance. I was so sorry for the men, for at every step they sank down in that mud to their knees. It was amusing to see one of them pick up the doctor and carry her to the canoe. It took two of them to carry me, and I don't believe they were sorry when they put me down, though they were very good natured about it.

We finally started on again, the tide having turned, and about sundown reached Bompe, where Mrs. Juliana Thompson is our missionary. We went ashore there to meet Mrs. Thompson who took us to see the new stone church which the people have been building. She told us that the church will soon be dedicated by Bishop Hott. After a short visit with the friends there we started on again as we were anxious to get to the end of our long journey. As we neared Rotifunk, the river became very narrow, just about wide enough for our boat to pass, and we went very slowly as it grew very dark. We could see by the light of the lantern that we were passing through a fairy scene.

Beautiful palms grew along the banks on either side, while vines and ferns were massed together. ~~on all sides~~. The boat-men sang their weird songs and theloudher they sang, the more energetically did they row, for they were glad to be getting home. Soon the Rotifunk lights were in sight and our journey of two days and nights in a sail-boat was at an end. A number of the Mission boys came running to meet us as we landed, and in a few minutes we were "at home". Mrs. Cain greeted us as we neared the Mission house and made us feel very welcome. We spent the evening talking about the work, and then, when bed time came, she took us over to the Mary Sowers Girls' Home. I was given a room on the first floor and Miss Cronise on the second. When we went to close up the house for the night we found that not one of the outside door could be locked, so Miss Cronise said she would not leave me alone on the first floor. After we thought we were settled for the night, we saw a light flashing through the windows, first on one veranda and then on another. Looking cautiously out we saw a native man out on the veranda, and he it was who carried the lantern. He walked around the verandas a few times and finally laid down and went to sleep. To us it seemed a strange performance and we did not know just what to do but finally went to bed. It was a long night but daylight finally came and we went over to the Mission house for breakfast. We told of our experience and then Mrs. Cain said she had forgotten to tell us that the Mission watchman always spent at least part of the night on the veranda there. So it was the watchman ~~wa~~ who was there to protect us and not some one we had to fear. We often ~~laug~~he laughed over the affair but it was not so funny at the time.

We are to live here at the Girls' Home and I am to have charge of the girls and Miss Cronise is to teach in the school ~~and perhaps do some teac teaching there-~~ ~~in the school as needed~~. We are so glad to be here and to be getting to work. We are anxious to learn Temne, the native language spoken here, so that we may be able to speak directly to the people and not through an interpreter. It will take time but we will try it.

~~Feb.~~ Feb. 10 ~~1~~ 96

It is difficult to get writing done this evening. Let me give you a word picture of my surroundings. Place, the sitting room of the Mary Sowers Girls Home at Rotifunk. Time, 8 P.M. The three little girls have been sewing quilt patches, and coming to me every minute or two with, Please, I "no get thread", or "Please look at mine", or, Please, I done finish", or a dozen other things, while May is learning the intricacies of long division and wants a lot of help. The older girls have just come in to ask me to help them with fractions for their Monday lesson. I have jumped up several times to see if the older girls have drawn enough water for tomorrow's needs, and to find out if they have the rice beaten and cleaned for tomorrow. And now the clock just struck eight and it is time for prayers and then bed. My day began early. At peep of dawn the girls began scrubbing the bare floors(no carpets in Africa). They had the verandas all scrubbed, their bedrooms cleaned, the dining room scrubbed and a lot of other work done before the chapel bell rang a little after six. After breakfast they asked if they could go fishing, so they hunted up their fish nets and we went to the brook, about a quarter of a mile away. They fished for several hours, catching a lot of fish a few ~~inch~~ inches long. They say they are "sweet for true", which means that they are very good.

Sunday evening. This has been a busy day, as usual. We were up at half past five, getting ready for the Junior Y.P.C.U. which begins ~~at~~ soon after six. We had a very good meeting, with about fifty present. From there we went out to the town to hold an open air meeting. Many of the people will not come to the chapel so we go to them. We had a good attendance, most of the people listening attentively. At the morning and evening services we had the church well filled and the pastor gave us a very good sermon.

1896 -1

It was decided in the Mission council that I take a month's vacation on Leicester mountain, near Freetown. I am thankful, for I need a rest. It has been two years since we came to Sierra Leone and the work has been heavy. I will have to go alone since there is no other missionary who can get away at this time. I will take a couple of the Mission girls with me and it will be a great experience for them .

Later- I am writing this letter in sections so will continue the story. We left Rotifunk about nine o'clock in the morning in the Mission boat. We have six boatmen and hope to make good time. The missinaries and boys and girls were all at the wharf to see us start. The boys had their band instruments with them and played ~~one~~ some good music. We went down the river with the tide and enjoyed it very much, the men singing their weird songs as they rowed. When the tide turned we were down near the bar-mouth, so we anchored and waited there until toward morning and then started on again. The men rowed well and then as we reached the sea, put up the sail. The wind was against us and we made very little progress and only reached the village of Kent by night. The sea had been rough and we were sick and very ~~uncomfertable~~ uncomfortable, so we pulled close in where the water was quieter and anchored for the night. The next day we reached the village of York. The men toted me ashore and I found a woman there whom I knew and she took me up to her house and gave me a cup of tea. She had been in my Sunday School class at Rotifunk. It was a real rest and I enjoyed it but the time came to resume our journey. We reached False ~~Cape that~~ Cape that night and anchored again. The wind had been contrary the whole journey. In the morning we rounded the Light House Cape and went up the river to Freetown. Three days and nights of tossing! My flesh is sore yet! We found our way up to the ~~M~~ Mission house, which is not very far from the landing stage, and we all rested all of that day. While we were there we had a number of callers. It was a pleasant surprise to see Bishop Flickinger. He was one of the three men sent out a good many years ago by our church to start our Mission work. He is now connected with the Radical U.B. Mission and has been

1896 2

arranging for the opening of several new stations in the Sherbro country. Rev. D.K.Wilberforce, who was with him, is to be in charge of their work. I bought needed supplies and also sent one of the men up to Gloucester on the mountain to make arrangements for our stay there. Every thing being ready, we started on the last part of our journey and I had a ~~hammock~~ ride (in a hammock) with Lamina, Bokari, Blackie and Two Copper to tote it, while three men ~~car~~ carried our loads. This travelling by hammock is something to be experienced to be appreciated. The hammock is swung from a framework which has a cross-bar at either end. Four men carry the hammock on their heads, two walking in front and two at the back and you sit in the hammock. If they step together the motion is not so bad, but if each one goes his own gait, you are badly shaken up. This road up the mountain is very steep and rough in places and the men panted as they toted me, but they said, "You no so heavy like when you first been come", and that is true. I have lost considerable weight. We met hundreds of women toting things down to Freetown to the market. They tell me that there are many vegetable gardens and orchards up on the hills. It is much cooler up here and there is water for irrigating in the dry season. Gloucester village is high up on the mountain side, though not quite as high as Leicester. We had hoped that I could find a place to lodge on Leicester but all were occupied, ~~But~~ but this will do very well. I am with some Sierra Leone people who have been in Mission work down the Coast and they are doing their best to make me comfortable. It is much cooler here than at Rotifunk, making a very welcome change. It is very quiet here, too, quiet and peaceful. Since there are no stores up here, I send one of the men down to Freetown every day or two to buy what is needed. They do not mind that trip at all, just like to go to "stretch their foot". One day I sent Lamina down for some things, including lettuce. That is a special treat for we do not have it up country, too hot for it up there. I took it for granted that he knew what lettuce was and there I made a mistake. He did not know much English and that word was not in his vocabulary. So I was much surprised when he came back, not with lettuce, but with some foolscap paper. He thought I

meant letters. So he went a to the bookshop and asked for letters. Of course the people there knew that there was some sort of a mistake but they guessed that it might be that I wanted writing paper so they did their best to fill the order. I found out later on that the people there call lettuce "salad". If I had said "salad" or written it, he would have found some. Well, it is live and learn and I must remember that I am in a foreign country.

One day a messenger came up from Freetown with a note to tell me that the missionaries from Shenge had arrived in town. Mrs. Burtner had been ill and they had come to get the steamer for England and home. Rev.J.R.King and Mrs. King planned to spend a few days at Gloucester and Rev.A.T.Howard and Mrs. Howard would return to Shenge. I went down to see them all. Mrs. Burtner was better but we were thankful that they could go on furlough for they both needed the change. While we were in Freetown we attended service in the Cathedral and heard a very good sermon by an African minister. Mr. Pooley of the Yates and Porterfieled Company called and gave us many interesting items of news. ~~I believe that~~ Mr. Pooley is the acting American Consul for Sierra Leone. I went back to my lodging place at Gloucester and in a few days Mr. and Mrs. King came up. We made several trips across to Leicester, planning for the Rest House which our Mission hopes to build as soon as possible. We have a beautiful location selected on the side of the Leicester mountain. one overlooking Freetown and the harbor. There is a never failing spring on the grounds near where the cottage will be built. The view from this place is magnificent.

The vacation time came to an end and we esch returned to our stations. It took us two days to get back to Rotifunk, having made better time than we did when we went, ~~t-town~~ the wind this time being in our favor. It seemed so good to get back home again even though it is so very hot now. There is no place like home, even though it is in the African jungle!

Flora Feb.21,1897

We have had a pleasant trip down the Bompe River to Palli, one of our out-stations. We went in the Mission canoe called the "Lone Star", so named by Mr. Miller when he was the only man here while there were seven women. The canoe is only a log hollowed out, measuring about fifteen ~~inches~~ feet. The seats are boards laid across the sides and you do not do much wiggling about. Captain Williams sat in the back and steered with a little native paddle, rowing first on one side, and then on the other, as he needed to guide the canoe. There was also one large boy to help row. It is at least fifteen miles to Palli and we made it in about two hours, going with the tide. There were two of the Mission girls with us, too, one of whom was going home to see her people. Rev. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson received us cordially and prepared a very appetizing meal of rice and dried fish stew which we all enjoyed together at the table which was covered with a neat white muslin cloth. After attending to some Mission affairs, we started on our return journey, getting home just before dark. The tide was coming up very slowly and in the upper part of the river the water was very shallow, and in a number of places the boat sat down on the sand. At such times the boy would get out and and wade along and ~~pulle~~ pull the ~~canoe~~ canoe until he came to deeper water, then step in and paddle again. We get accustomed to a good many unusual things here. Whenever we passed a village, we saw men and women in the river bathing. Some would have the grace to get under water while others just stood and gazed at us.

The last time our Mission boat went to Freetown, it almost sank. They were rounding Light house Cape, which is a dangerous place and cannot be safely passed unless the tide is full. Well, they got in there at the wrong time and it was very rough and it looked as though the boat would be smashed on the rocks at any moment. Several women were on board and they screamed and prayed and begged the Lord to have mercy on their poor souls. One of them finally quit when she thought there was no hope and said, "I done scream the last time." Then the rudder broke and that added to the terror, but by heroic efforts they got out of danger. The people have the idea that a

~~Flora~~ Feb.21,1897

a Mission boat will not sink. They say it cannot sink since it is the Lord's boat. It shows that they do rely upon God. We- People laugh sometimes at one of the school boys . He was going to Freetown in a boat, not ours, and it was very rough and they were in considerable danger, the boat-men did not know what to do. They tried unsuccessfully to pass the cape. ~~but~~ Then John told them to pray. Then he himself prayed. He told the Lord all about himself, that he was a Mission boy from Rotifunk, that the wind and waves were too much for them and they did not know what to do and they begged Him to help them. He did help and they went safely on to their journey's end.

There are all sorts of experiences connected with Mission work, all more or less interesting, though not very exciting. We are having to get up early now because school begins at six thirty and we must have breakfast before that. It is never light here in the morning much before six. We are so near the equator that our days and nights are vary very little in length throughout the year, twelve hours of daylight, twelve hours of night, almost no twilight. While the children are at school I try to get some sewing done for them. ~~Theli~~ The little boys had new shirts on today and they were ~~are~~ as proud of them as they could be. I made ten of them this week. They are all just alike, made out of a small checked blue shirting, and trimmed with plain blue sailor collar, cuffs and pocket. They only wear this one garment but it is quite enough for them. They looked nice, too. They were so proud of the little pockets. They said they had never had any before. When I began, I made one principally by guess, then tried it on the smallest boy. He did not say anything but grinned from ear to ear. The next day a delegation of small boys hung about, watching proceedings. I tried another one on another boy and boy No-1 said, "You see? I no lie. I say they get pockets. You see um?" They look neat and tidy and fill the bill. Recently I made over a dozen pairs of denim trousers for the older Mission boys. They were made like Turkish trousers, very full, with a drawstring at the waist and a band at the knees. That is the ordinary style here.

~~July 31, 1905~~ January, 1906

For years you have been hearing about Rotifunk which is where the Women's Missionary Society began work in Sierra Leone. Then half a dozen years ago you began to hear about Moyamba, our first central station in the Mende country. Now Tiama, farther up in the Mende country, has been added to our list of central stations. I wish that you could come to visit us, for I am sure that you would enjoy the place and the work as much as we do. Probably you would find some things rather inconvenient at first, but you would become accustomed to them after a time. You would want your mail, especially if you knew that a mail steamer had come in. But you would have to be patient and wait, for we only send over to Mano, our railway station, once a week. In the dry season a man can go to Mano and return the same day if he is a good walker, but in the rainy season it is not wise to try to return the same day. That round trip means a walk of somewhere about thirty miles. That road is about the worst one in the whole country in the rainy season, for there are a number of streams to be crossed and the bridges are very poor. There are some places where the traveller must cross on cork-wood rafts and usually those rafts are ~~in a~~ in bad condition. It is not much fun to try to balance yourself on a raft while a man pushes it along by means of a long pole. It would not be pleasant if the raft should suddenly tip and you should find yourself taking a plunge bath in eight or ten feet of water. There are alligators in all of those streams, and occasionally they catch some one. Many of the people are very superstitious and say that there is a devil or two in each of those waters and they catch more people than the alligators do. One week, when we were especially anxious to have our letters catch the mail, we started the carrier in good time but the poor ~~superstit~~ superstitious man never reached Mano. As he was going, some one told him that a devil in one of the streams that he would have to cross had caught and killed a girl. After hearing such startling news, he did not have the courage to go on. Another time we started a carrier for Mano and that poor man did not get there either. There had been a lot of talk ~~about cannibalism in the country~~.

about cannibalism in the country and people were afraid to travel, especially at night. This mail carrier started, as usual, about three o'clock at night, for he had a long journey before him. After he had been travelling several hours, he thought he saw some men following him. He began to run, looking back every few minutes and still he thought he was followed. If there were other people on the road, they may have been messengers, just as he was. He became panic stricken and rushed into the first little path that he saw. He went farther and farther into the bush(~~jungle~~ (jungle), lost his way, lost his load. The mail that he was carrying was scattered and hopelessly lost. The next day he returned to Tiama and reported the affair. People were sent to investigate but no suspicious people were found, neither were the letters found. Such things are apt to wear out your patience after a time. Dr.Griggs and I had an exciting experience once on this same Mano road. It had been decided in the Mission Council that the Doctor should spend one month at the Rotifunk dispensary and the next at Tiama. Incidentally, it was a plan that did not work out very well for various reasons. Well, Doctor had been at Tiama a month, trying to get a dispensary started, and it was time for her to return to Rotifunk. I went with her as far as Mano where we were to spend the night at our Mission house there. It was in the middle of the rainy season and the road was very bad. At several places there were long stretches of water and the only way to cross was either by swimming or by using a raft made by lashing several cork-wood logs together. We came to the first of these streams and found that someone had just taken the raft over to the other side and we had to wait until some traveller would come up from the other side and use the raft to get over to our side. Finally it came and we prepared to cross. The raft was about ten feet long and four feet wide. Doctor took off her shoes for she did not want to get them wet while crossing. She stepped onto the raft, and one of the carriers with a long pole stepped on also. Doctor tried to turn ~~so she would face in the direct direction~~-- around on the raft; it tipped ; she lost her balance and down she went, clear out of sight.

Of course we were all alarmed. Several of the men dived in at once and in a short time she aoppeared and the men lifted her up on the raft where she sat. She had lost her shoes but one of the men dived and finally found them. We were so thankful that she did not get entangled in the branches and vines that were under the water. The man on the raft polled it over and then came back for me. I had a metal box with me and they put that on the raft and I sat on that and got over without getting wet. Then it began to rain. Doctor found a place in the bush where she could change her clothing. Fortunately she had dry clothing in her box. Then we went on in the rain but kept fairly dry in the hammocks in which we were travelling. After travelling several hours longer over that jungle road we came to Mano and found shelter and rest at our Mission house. Doctor did not suffer any ill effects fron her experience but she never seemed to have any very great ~~affetion for~~ pleasure in travelling that road again!

This is a land of streams and you cannot go very far in any direction without coming to one and the problem is how to get across. To reach one section of Tiama we have to cross a stream in the rainy season. We hold a service over there each Sunday morning. The last time I went I had to cross in a canoe, a dug-out. There was so much water in it that I had to wear a pair of rubber boots. I stood in one end and over a dozen people stooped and paddled with their hands as there was no ~~paddle~~ paddle available. It paid to go for a large number of people gathered for the service. They especially enjoyed the songs - in their own language.

April 1906

Tiama - Flora- April 1906

I have been making some itinerating trips lately and have had some interesting experiences. I went by hammock to Moyamba, going by one road and returning by another so that we could reach as many villages as possible. We held a number of services and and had attentive audiences. We also went to towns up the river. At one of those towns we hope to station a teacher in the near future. We spent the night in that village and had an especially good service. The chief called the people together and we counted over a hundred who listened very attentively to the Gospel message. Since this place is on the boundary between the Mende and Temne tribes, the services had to be in two languages, beside the English. We had two of the older school boys with us, each one carrying a small load. One carried a box containing a plate, cup, knife, fork, spoon, bread, butter, etc. Theother boy carried some bedding. I knew that I would have a good house in that village so did not take the travelling cot. They brought a mat and native cloth for the bed. The n one of the old time friends brought a fine cloth and spread over all, then went and br ught a pillow with a nice white case on it . Then they swept the floor- the ground- and sprinkled water all over in the most approved way. There was a table but no chair, so I pulledthe table up beside the bed and sat on it while I had my meal. I always carry a bottle of boiled water with me as we never drink unboiled water in this country. I was not the only one who carried a bottle of water fo in a village where we s topped for breakfast I saw a Mohammedan man with a bottle. Some one asked him if it contained rum. He said it was not rum, nor was it medicine or drinking water, but water with which to wash his face. They write portions od the Koran on their writing tab ets of wood, then wash it off and that water is holy and they use it to wash the face. We had quite a conversation in Temne about it.

April 1913

April 1913

Just now I thought I was going to have a quiet evening for writing so I came to the veranda as it is cooler here. No sooner had I started than here came the winged ants. The spread of their wings is about two inches. They come by the thousands and fly into the lamp, into the ink, into my face and soon I will have to stop, defeated by ants. The people catch ~~and eat them~~ them, fry them and eat them and consider them a ~~delcicy~~ delicacy.

We have had some white callers, thefirst formonths. The German trader andhis wife came to say "how do" to us. They have recently opened a shop inour town. She cannot speak English andhe does not know very much of it so we cannot get very far with converaation. She was so delighted with our house which isvery plain indeed. I expect that it did look nice to her after living in avery poor mud house without any conviences. She exclaimed over the glass windows and board floor and high ceilings. I wish that we talked yhe same language so we could be company for each other.

We have also had the pleasure of having Rev.E.M.Hursh and Mrs. Hursh in our home for a few days. They walked over from Mano, leaving there about three in the night and getting here soon after eight, before it got so very hot. After their stay here, they travelled back to Mano by foot again. They have been travelling that way for about two months, visiting our Mission stations, staying from two days to a week in a place and trying in various ways to help build work the work. They walk every where except when they can go by train or in a dug-out canoe on a river. Sometimes they get very foot sore but they persevere and seem to enjoy it. Some days they have a seven hour walk, doing most of it in the morning or evening when it is not quite so hot.

Flora- Tiama, Aug. 6,1917

For about a week I have been away from Tiema, having been on an itinerating trip up the Taia River. It was a very interesting experience, profitable, too. I managed to get a large dug-out canoe, hired two men to row and also took five of our larger boys along to help and incidentally to give them a change. There were eight of us in the canoe, also Fluff, our dog. This is a large river and the current is swift so it took hard rowing to go up the river, but the boys enjoyed it and sang as they rowed. I never tire of the scenery along these African rivers. The jungle comes down to the water's edge and there is great variety in the trees and vines. As we crept slowly up ~~strem~~ stream, occasionally we would see a break in the trees bordering the water and we knew that we had come to a village, so we would pull up to the little landing and go ashore, and in a few minutes there would be a crowd of people, all curious to see who had come. We found that some of our group would know some one there, so there were friendly greetings. Then we would gather the people together and have a short service and then resume our journey up the river. One night we were in the village of the people of one of our Mission boys. They gave us the very best they had and all turned out for a very good meeting. Some of them had attended services in Tiama and had learned some of the Gospel songs. In every village where we stopped, they gave us some food, perhaps some bananas, or oranges, or a chicken, ~~once~~ or a lot of rice. The worst part of the trip was the night. It is not restful to sleep in all kind of places, even if I did have my traelling bed. Some of the houses had no windows and some no doors. Fortunately I did not hear a rat though one visited the room one night and ate part of the food. Fluff, the dog, insisted on sleeping as close to my bed as possible. He even got under the bed among the iron supports and every time he moved he bumped up against me. I could not drag him out from either side or end, so finally had to get up, light the lantern and lift up the bed and get him out. He was not as accustomed to living in mud houses as I was and seemed half afraid.

Flora- Piama Aug. 6, 1917. 2.

At several places we came to rapids and that required very careful rowing, going perhaps near the bank ,or dodging great rocks here and there. At one place we got caught in a sort of giant whirlpool which soon carried us across that wide river and far down stream. It was exciting and dangerous, too, but we finally made our way up and reached quieter waters.

We visited a village where we had established a school. Our teacher was not there but the people gave us a very fine welcome. We are hoping that some political difficulties may be adjusted and the way cleared for a greater work there. From this village, we started toward home down the river. It had taken us about twenty hours of rowing to go up the river but only five to go down with that swift current. Before we were at the end of our journey, a very heavy rain started. It looked beautiful but did not feel so good. I sat on a small bench , huddled under my umbrella and holding a little kitten which had been given us in one of the villages. I had one of F.B.Meyer's books with me, "Elijah" and managed to read part of that, a wonderful book. But the boys were singing a classical song, the gist of which was that, as we went up the river, the current was strong, but ,as we came down, it was easy for us. It seemed to me that they sang it thousands of times in those five hours. Well, they enjoyed it, and rowed energetically and we were home. "No place like home."

January 26, 1919

January 26,1919

We are on the S.S.Onitsha of the Elder Dempster Line, and we are getting on swimmingly. No, that is not the right word to use. Thank God we have not had to swim or sink, as so many poor people have had to do these last four years. We are making good progress and hope to be at our journey's end before next Sunday. This is our second Sunday on this ship. We had one Sunday in Liverpool, one on the S.S.Baltic, one in New York. Next Sunday we hope to be in Freetown or somewhere up the line. Do you want to hear about some of our experiences since we left Liverpool? We went to the Landing Stage at noon, got aboard the tender which took us out into the river to the S.S.Onitsha. There are about two dozen passengers aboard, just a nice company. This is a cargo ship with limited accomodations for passengers. ~~For a few days it was quite rough and most of us kept to our cabins.~~ We have nice, large cabins, good food, plenty of deck space on which to walk. For a few days it was quite rough and most of us kept to our cabins. But in a few days we were all up and trying to get back to normal. I got the phonograph out of the box one evening and we had a concert. I bought some records in New York and some more in Liverpool where they are cheaper. I found that two of the records were broken. One was the "Hallelujah Chorus". I was especially sorry to lose that one. We passed several islands of the Canary group. After a week of water, land looks good and we always hurried to the deck to see it, even if it was at a distance and only a barren hilly island. Teneriffe was beautiful. The peak and higher ranges were covered with snow and the clouds were in the valleys and some parts were almost black where shadows fell from the floating clouds. We wished that we could land, especially so we could buy some fruit as there in none on board the ship.

We had a visitor in our cabin one night. We had not turned off the light yet before an immense rat ran in and sat down in the rack just above Miss Vesper's berth and its tail hung down almost to her face. She opened her eyes just in time to see it there. We called a steward who promised to set a trap for it. They are bad on this sip.

Later. We have had a splendid trip and are getting in sooner than we expected. It is a month tomorrow since we left New York and we hope to land

Rotifunk- Sept. 26, 1926

It is Sunday evening, a peaceful time after a busy day. I was up soon after five, did some necessary work, and then three of the Mission boys and I went to a nearby village to hold our regular Sunday morning service. We had to go down a long, steep hill and cross a ~~long~~ stream on a long, stick bridge. We saw the people who were crossing there making extra speed and wondered what was wrong. When we got to the bridge we found that there were countless numbers of driver ants all over the bridge. So we, too, made haste, as much as you can on a stick bridge, but we got dozens of them on us and how they can bite! After getting them off, we climbed the hill on that rough trail and entered the town. We went at once to call on the headman and, after a little visit with him, he called the people together and soon we had about 40 sitting around there, some in hammocks, some on little bamboo benches, some on fiber mats spread on the ground. They are learning Bible verses and songs in Mende and are much interested. The headman says he wants to be baptized but he has at least 14 wives. Those things are problems we have to meet here. From this village we went on to another village where most of the people are Mohammedans. We spent some time there, then came home in time to get ready for church. The church was full and the service, conducted by the African pastor, was very helpful. The Sunday School comes in the afternoon. We have a very well organized school here. There are so many in attendance that some of the teachers take their classes to quiet spots to study the lasson. At the close of the study period, they all return to the church and some one reviews the lesson. There are some very pointed questions asked. One Sunday, during the review of the lesson, which was on temperance, some one asked why America sends rum to Africa, if it was right. Dr. Griggs, who was the Superintendent, said, "Yes, they are the sinners for sending it, and you are the fools for drinking it." Those who heard her have never forgotten those words.

October 25, 1926

Malal - Tiama
Oct 25, 1926

I am beginning my first letter to you this term from Tiama. I came up on the train ~~fre~~ to Mano from Rotifunk where I have been ~~wor~~ working for a few months. It seemed quite a journey, quite an ~~undertakn~~ undertaking, to pack and start again. You would have laughed to see the things I had, three trunks, a wooden box, a large basket, a large stone jar for holding boiled water,, a tin box containing lunch, a ~~rol~~ roll of bedding, umbrellas, etc. We were on the train ~~from~~ about five hours when we reached Mano. Mr. Leader was there to meet me with a work truck. It seemed very ~~stange~~ strange to ride out of Mano in a motor vehicle, for we have always had to travel , either by hammock or by foot. But the Government has been making a good road which will be of great help to us. We travelled along on the road for several miles until we came to the end of the completed part. There a hammock was waiting for me, a bicycle for Mr. Leader. We finally came to a stream where the construction work was at the very worst stage. A man carried me across the water to the foot of the perpendicular filling where there was a crude ladder and I scrambled up that in the darkness. At the top were many friends who reached hands down to drag me up the last yard where the ladder didn't ~~reach~~ reach, and there I was with Mrs. Leader, Miss Akin and other friends who had walked a mile and a half along that jungle road to meet me. Before long we were in Tiama, home once more. So many people have come to see me. They have given me a fine welcome and it makes my heart rejoice.

Annual Report - June 1926 -June 1927

A friend recently wrote me these words,-" My heart rejoices with you ~~th~~ that you can be back in Africa. Surely it must have been God's will for you to tarry still and work for Him, else He would not have granted your healing. We praise Him and rejoice for you. How good it must seem to be well and strong and happy again." I am very thankful to my Maker that He has permitted me to spend another year in service for Him in Africa. I would ~~will~~ rather have spent it here than in any place in the whole wide world.

The first three months I was at Rotifunk, trying to fill in as best I could. It was a pleasure to be back at my first home in this country and I enjoyed meeting the old friends and making new ones. As I looked back over the years and compared the work as I found it when I first came out with the present, I realized that very much has been accomplished. If Mrs. Lida West could come out now and visit in her beloved Rotifunk, she would marvel at the change. Heathenism was very much in evidence then, but now there is a real Christian atmosphere there. I was so thankful to see the changes for the better, glad to be able to help a little in the good work there.

While stationed at Rotifunk I had an opportunity to go up to some of our stations in the Temne country to examine the schools.. That trip did me a lot of good for I found well established schools and churches in places where we had no work when I went through on an itinerating trip years ago.Of course I had been hearing about the work in the Temne country but it is different when you see it with your own eyes. Mrs. M.E.A.Hallowell of America had long claimed the Temne country for the Lord and her prayers are being answered.

When my work at Rotifunk was done,I moved on to Kiama, thus ending my wanderings of months. "Be it ever so humble,there's no place like home." So I have been at home at Kiama for some months, doing whatever I found to be done. I started a class for the wives of the chief andmuch of the time have held it twice a week. I also started another class for women, a seeker's class. Sometimes I have gathered the children

together in various parts of the town andtaught them to play games. Before they scattered we would sing a couple of songs and learn a verse of Scripture. I have had a class in Sunday School for small girls, with a good attendance. I have held a number of meetings in the bundu society bushes of which there were five this year.

I failed to make a record of some of the meetings held, and some of them were so informal that it did not seem worth while to record them, but as far as I have the record, I have held over a hundred meetings during the year.

I have spent a good many hours on translation work. The rsults seem rather meager but I am continuing with it, hoping for better things this coming year.

I believe the Lord sent me back and I have never doubted that for a moment. Very often I have wondered at His leading, but I have not doubted. I can say, as did Andrew Murray,

I am here -

1- By God's Appointment.

2- In God's Keeping.

3- Under His Training.

4- For His Time.

Report of M. Eaton for 1930.

The beginning of the year 1930 found me in Los Angeles. I arrived there on the 21st of November after a little over four months of travel. My journey to the home land extended over a longer period of time than usual, and also over a wider extent of territory. It was my privilege to see a bit of four continents, Africa, Asia, Europe and North America. In Africa we saw a little of Konakry, Senegal, Gambia, Morocco and Egypt; in Asia, Palestine and Syria; in Europe, Cyprus, Italy and France. We left Sierra Leone on the 13th of July and I arrived in the United States, landing in Boston, on the 17th of October. From the time I left Sierra Leone until I reached its shores again I spent 81 days on the water. On the homeward journey I traveled by the steamships Madonna, Sphinx, and Excelsior, good names for good ships. As a whole, the trip was a good one, althogh we did have trouble getting on to the ship at Freetown, and it was also almost as rough at Haifa, when I was leaving Palestine. Passing along between Greece and the Island of Crete we encountered rough seas and a day or two on the Atlantic were not so comfortable. But I am happy to say that I was not seasick one day and that is a condition for which to be thankful.

After reaching the States I spent about a month in Ohio, visiting friends and relatives . While in Dayton it was my privilege to attend the Board Meeting, meeting many friends of the Mission and hearing some fine, helpful addresses. Such a meeting is especially helpful when to a person who is mentally and spiritually hungry for such a feast of good things. It was a great pleasure to spend Thanksgiving and Christmas with my own people. It was a joy,too,to worship with the friends of my own home church once more. I did not make a lot of speeches,as so many of our returned missionaries do,for that does not seem to be required of me by the Lord. But i did do what I could, both in our own churches, and in those of other denominations, Methodist, Congregational, Friends, Presbyterian, Peniel Mission , and elsewhere. There are so few United Brethren churches on the Pacific coast that there is not the demand for our missionaries to give addresses, not so many calls for " real live missionaries", as they say. I think I never enjoyed a furlough as much as I did this one. So many good things came my way during this furlough. I heard so many fine addresses, so much good music, met so many worth while people, had so many opportunities to speak a word for the Master, and for his work over seas. It was a source of joy to know that it was a furlough I was having, and that at the end of it I could come back to Africa again. That was the best part of all, and although it was as hard as ever to leave the home people, I was glad to be on my way back once more. The Lord gave us another wonderful journey, the very best part of which was reaching Africa the 21st of June. It was only two days after that when we reached the end of our wanderings and settled down at Tiama, and went on with the work we had left a year before.

the staff of the Methodist Mission at Bonnybeh

As usual, my work has been of a miscellaneous character. I have been housekeeper ~~first of all~~, doing the various things that fall to her lot. I have put in considerable time at translation work, having for a helper a very busy man who could give only odds and ends of time. A new translation of Mark's Gospel was sent to us for inspection. We spent many hours on that and returned it to the one who had sent it to us. We do not know whether our corrections and suggestions have been accepted or not but we did the best we could. Three of us worked on that most of the time. Then we began the translation of Pilgrim's Progress and have made some progress on that. It is fascinating work and I wish that it were possible to put more time on it.

I have had charge of the work among the women and find that interesting, strenuous, perplexing, profitable, promising work. We feel that some of those women are making real advance in the Christian life, while some are indifferent and careless. A few of them have expressed a desire to be baptized and we hope that they will have learned enough of the way of salvation to make that possible in the near future.

About thirty ~~girls~~ girls attend church and Sunday School more or less regularly and I have charge of them and they form an interesting group with which to work. I do what visiting I can in the town and help in any way I can.

It is my desire to spread the good seed of the Kingdom as much as I possibly can, by word, by letter, and by the distribution of God's word, in English, Mende, in Arabic.

This is my sixth year of added life and I want it to tell, as much as in me lies, to the advancement of the Kingdom, and the hastening of the Lord's coming.

Respectfully Submitted,

M- Eaton

1934

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In one of our Council meetings, I was given this subject-" Ways of Deepening the Spiritual Life Among the Women." I asked myself the ~~quest~~ question,"To which women does it refer?" In our Mission work we are dealing with women of various tribes, women who have good educations, women who are uneducated, women who know a little ~~education~~ English, women who know no English, women who are earnest Christians, women who know nothing about the way of salvation, women who have heard the Good News, but who reject it. We have the workers'wives, some of whom are well educated, while others have never had a chance to go to school. Then there are the many women whom we have utterly failed to reach, those who are still groping in darkness, as their mothers and their mother's mothers did before them.

Different ways of working must be used in dealing with these ~~differ~~ different classes of women. Jesus said we are to be fishers of men and when you go to catch fish, you use different methods and different bait for the different kinds of fish. Let us think first of the wives of the workers. Some of them are fine Christian women, splendid workers in the church and community. Those who can read have access to good books and tracts. If they would attend the Women's Institutes of their district, they would surely get some spiritual help for themselves and some fine ideas to carry home to their people. These Institutes could be enlarged by encouraging each woman to bring with her one or two or more interested women from her church. They would be especially interested in the hour given over to telling Bible stories. Story telling is very popular in this country and what a help it would be if a woman could sit down and tell her children or neighbors or the stranger within her gates the ~~stor~~ story of Ruth or Dorcas or Lydia or the prodigal son.

Would it not be a good thing to urge those among the workers' wives who are able to do so to take up the Deaconess course? It can be done because it has been done, and with profit to the ones attempting it.

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Those who are not able to take such advance work should be urged to attend the Women's School and no doubt they would receive as much benefit as those who have attended. That school is filling a long felt need. If you could have heard those women repeat selections from the Bible, and tell Bible stories, your hearts would have been cheered.

Then there are the women who are in our churches, those who know something of the Christian way. They should be urged to attend the regular services of the church as often as possible. Some can teach a Sunday School class or Bible class with profit to themselves and to others. Each one could take it upon herself to invite her friends and neighbors to the various services, and it helps them in this work if they know that they will be asked to tell how many they have invited and how many accepted the invitation. The women of the weekly class may be asked to pray definitely for some one daily and to talk with her about spiritual things, to try definitely for her conversion. Philip found his brother and brought him to Jesus and who can compute the results of that act? The "Big Sister" idea might work successfully and is worth trying. Ask an older Christian woman to take especial interest in a younger woman, advise her as ~~shes-the-need~~ she sees the need, see that she attends church, pray very definitely for her, help her as she is able in her Christian life. A weekly Bible study hour is very helpful. We have a little meeting each week at Tiama, attended by the workers of the station, when we study the Sunday School lesson and pray definitely for the work, and I believe I am safe in saying that this meeting is the most helpful one of the week. This plan could be carried out by interested women. They could meet at the home of one of the members and study some portion of the Bible and pray definitely for each other, for the church, for the unsaved around them. The holding of morning or evening worship in the homes of the Christian women should be urged. Perhaps she is the only Christian in her house and the others are not interested but she could patiently continue to ask them to join her in singing and

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praying and repeating a verse of Scripture if she cannot read. A Mohsammedan woman is not ashamed to spread her mat in the veranda and kneel down to pray and our women should be as brave and faithful. We should teach our women to memorize Bible verses. No matter how old they are, they can learn at least one or two verses if they are patiently taught. If she knows this verse, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners", or, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved", or, John 3:16, she has something definite to think and talk about, something with which to feed her soul.

Then we have the women around us who do not care for our religion. Perhaps they are Mohammedans or pagans. They are very difficult to reach, but kindness and prayer may win the day. Perhaps they may be reached through their children.

There are the many women whom we have utterly failed to reach, those who have never had a chance to hear the Good News. What can we do for them? We cannot talk of deepening their spiritual life for they have no spiritual life in the true sense of the world. If we could open schools all over our territory, we could reach some of them in some way. I wonder sometimes what life would mean to me if I were in their place and I cannot quite vision it. I am very sure that not one of us would be willing to exchange places with them. And yet they are not the ones to blame. Are they? A suggestion was made recently which merits consideration. A good many people have expressed their approval of the School for Women. That school is for wives and prospective wives of workers. The suggestion is that another school be started for other women, a school where they could be trained in Christian living. A chief could put up one or two buildings as needed and the women live there under the direction of educated Christian women. They would be taught to keep house in a better way, to cook, sew, garden, etc. They would have instruction along religious lines with the hope of their becoming Christians. This school would ~~behold~~ be held for

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five or six months and the women would provide all of their food and pay a small fee to cover expenses. Probably a chief here and there would send a few of his wives and other men would avail themselves of the opportunity to have their wives trained in useful living. The best part of the plan would be the opportunity to reach these women with the Gospel, the real object of the school. It is a workable plan and would be an advance step. We would reach a group of women we have never reached and who never will be reached unless we put forth some special, definite means to reach them. It would give those women a chance to grow spiritually, a chance to learn about the Good News which the angel said was for all people.

Minnie E. Eaton

February 3, 1936

Flora Feb.3,1936

This has been a busy Sunday as usual. After the morning work, I went calling in the town, inviting people to church, visiting some of the sick. Then came the church service, followed by Sunday School. After that a good many people came in to tell us "How do." Later in the day, when it was a little cooler, I went to the chief's compound and met a couple of women who went with me to another section of the town to hold a Gospel service with the women and girls in their Secret Society ~~jungle~~ "bush". There were a lot of women who listened, even some who were cooking the evening meal over camp fires here and there. They have learned a number of Gospel songs and sang them very well. They especially like "A Mu Ngewo lato" (Let Us Praise God), and "Wa Jesus Gama," (Come to Jesus). We have held a dozen such meetings in the last two weeks and will continue this work as long as the girls are there. For a good many of them this has been the only opportunity they have ever had to hear the Good News, for they live in distant villages and very seldom come in to the central town.

After this meeting we had supper and then it was time for the first bell for church. I went again to the chief's compound to get some of his women to come to church. He will not allow them to come unless I go for them and then take them home again after the service. I am always careful to get his permission before I say anything to the women. This evening twelve of them followed me to the service, after which I took them home again. It was a beautiful moonlight night, so pleasant after the heat of the day, so we sat down on some benches in the open space between the houses and sang Gospel songs in their language, the Mende. The women have so little that is helpful in their lives, so I try in every possible way to help them. Some of those women are sincere Christians, even in the midst of heathenism.

~~-A-Ort-for-1937~~
Report for 1937

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The years come and go and there is more or less of sameness of work, of problems, of victories, of defeats. Looking back over one year, there does not seem to be much progress made; but looking ~~back~~ back over a decade or more, one can see considerable advance. We had one guest with us this year who had not been here for some years and she said that she felt that we had made marked advance. It gave us great encouragement to know that she saw improvement, so we thanked God and took renewed courage.

For the first half of the year I was "The missionary in charge." That means that all sorts of duties fell to my lot. There was the boarding home for nearly fifty African boys to be thought of, although teachers were nominally in charge. A group of boys, of whatever race, age or heritage, are a problem, a greqt responsibility. Then there was the day school, and the itinerating, and the work among women, and the out-stations, and the church, and the accounts, and the palavers, and the farm and the other industrial work, and the bundu girls, and the household duties, and the visitation in the town, and the many callers to be met and their various requests and needs to be considered, and so on. The days never seemed long enough.

Rev.C.W.Leader and Mrs Leader returned from their furlough in July and took over the work that they laid down the year before and thus lightened my duties. I had more time then for work in the town and for language work. In October we held the "School for Women" and that absorbed much of the time and strength for that month, but it was well worth it. It was a great joy to work with those women, to see the progress they made in all the required studies. The time spent there meant much to those women who have never had the advantage of school, in some cases, not even of church. It is to be hoped that the school will be continued from year to year and enlarged if possible so that an increqsingly large number of women may avail themselves of the opportunity to better fit themselves for useful, happy lives. Best of all, some of the women came to know the blessed Lord as ~~Savior~~ Savior. They

They truly seemed to greatly desire to walk in the Light. Their lives will never be the same after having spent that time learning Bible and Christian hymns and after coming in contact with other Christian women.

Whatever progress has been made during the year, and the years before it, has been due to the presence and help of the Holy Spirit. We have failed many times. but the blessed Lord has never failed, and has verified his promises and has been with us, "all the way, all the day, even unto the end". Answers to prayer have been so definite as to be almost startling sometimes. He never fails, Jesus never fails. He has said, "Occupy till I come", and we are occupying and claiming this territory for Him. Partners together with Him. What a privilege! What an honour! In due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Do Missions Pay?

When I first went as a missionary to work in our Mission at Rotifunk, West Africa, I was put in charge of the Girls' Home, called the Mary Sowers Girls' Home. There was quite a fine group of African girls there, some almost grown, some quite small. I often think of some of the things that happened during those years. One stormy evening the prayer bell rang. The older girls went but it seemed best to keep the smaller ones home. We gathered together in the sitting room, the girls sitting on the floor and playing some quiet games while I read. Then they decided to have a prayer meeting of their own. May, the oldest girl of the group, was the leader, and at her suggestion, they sang some Gospel songs in their own language, Temne. Then they all kneeled down to pray and each one prayed, all except Clara, the smallest one who had not been in the Mission very long. She said she did not know what to say. May asked her if she did not know her A,B,C's and she said she did. Then May said, "You can say your A,B,C's and God will understand." So she did and they were satisfied. This girl, May, grew up in the Mission, and has been connected with it from those days until now. After she finished the school at Rotifunk, she was sent to the new Harford School at Moyamba and was one of the first to finish the course there. Later she married Alfred Smart, one of the Mission workers.

My second term in Sierra Leone was spent at the new station at Moyamba. A school was started and I was put in charge of that in connection with various other duties. A young man who had received his education at Rotifunk was sent as assistant teacher. He was a fine, bright lad who did very good work for a number of months. Then he became very ill and finally passed away. A young man, Alfred Smart, who was in charge of one of the out-stations, was ~~to~~ called in to help at Moyamba and he spent several years there. That was where I became acquainted with him. He was a fine person with whom to work, so friendly, so helpful, so willing to cooperate in all departments of the work. I learned that his people were all strict Mohammedans but in some way he found his way to Rotifunk and attended school ~~there~~ and churchb there.

When he was about ten years of age, he was baptized and was received into the church. Later on he spent some years in the Soudan Mission and there became acquainted with Rev. J.Hal Smith who took a very great interest in him. He returned to our Mission in which he continued to work until the Lord calle called him home. At one time he was a tutor in the Albert Academy where his work was very acceptable; he was pastor at Yonibana for several years and strengthened the work there. While he was there he learned that I had some Gospel portions andtracts in the Arabic language and he frequently wrote to tell me of Mohammedans who had been eager for a copy. He had a wonderful influence among the Mohammedans and without doubt some of them found the way of salvation through Pa Smart's influence. After his pastorate at Yonibana, he was sent as pastor to Rotifunk, one of our largest churches, and continued his good work there.

He was still a young man when he was married to May and together they established a Christian home, something that means a tremendous lot any where, but especially in a heathen land. To them a number of children were born, all of whom,I believe, are still living with the exception of one. Their daughters have been students at the Harford School at Moyamba; the older sons are graduates of the Albert Academy and are giving a good account of themselves. One of them, John, is a graduate of Bonebrake Seminary in Dayton, Ohio, is an ordained minister, and has almost completed a medical course. Mrs. Smart has been a splendid help in various capacities in the Mission through the years, as teacher, as matron in girls' boarding homes, as assistant in the dispensary, as a good neighbor and church worker. Pa Smart has gone to be with the Lord. His was a triumphal entry into the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Mrs. Smart- May- still lives at Rotifunk and continues to lend a helping hand wherever she sees the need.

This booklet about our Great Aunt Minnie was prepared for the immediate family and descendants of Martha Leister Deardorff, Mary Ruth Leister Strickler and Spencer Leister. We are the children of Ruth Dunphey Leister whose mother was Flora Eaton Dunphey the sister of Minnie Eaton.

Aunt Minnie had planned to write a book about her 44 years as a missionary in Sierra Leone. We inherited her notes, letters, Sierra Leone artifacts and her steamer trunk. Included in the letters were about 200 that were written to our grandmother and mother. Martha went through the letters and notes and selected some that were of special interest to us. We have included information about Aunt Minnie's father, Alonzo Eaton, and his family along with articles that were written about her. Pages 31 thorough 38 are excerpts from her letters that are of personal interest to us.Spencer Leister 2/2010

Minnie Emily Eaton was born in Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, December 3, 1866. Minnie was the daughter of Alonzo C. Eaton and Julia Florentine Weller. She died January 19, 1954 in Pomona, Los Angeles County, CA at 87 years of age. Her body was interred January 22, 1954 in Rose Hills Memorial Park, Whittier, California.

Minnie Eaton was educated at Otterbein University in Westerville, Ohio. In 1887 her father brought the family by train from Ohio to San Diego and then by wagon to homestead near Valley Center in San Diego County. She taught school for a short time in San Diego County. On July 10, 1892 by letter of transfer she became a member of First Church of the United Brethren in Christ of Los Angeles and remained a member there the rest of her life.

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